"A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by their descendants."—Macauley.

FRONTIER TIMES

Frontier History, Border Tragedy, Pioneer Achievement

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Published Monthly
at Bandera, Texas,
by J. Marvin Hunter

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in the original Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES—which affords us a chance to explain a few matters of importance about these facsimiles.

One, Western Publications has only *one* complete set of the old FRONTIER TIMES and it is from this set that your facsimile copies are being reproduced. Over the years we have tried to complete a second set (just in case something happened to the first) but so far we have been unsuccessful. We still lack Vol. I, Nos. 1 and 3; Vol. II, Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 6. If any of you have extra copies of these issues and would like to sell or trade them, please let us know. On the other hand, and of possible benefit to you, in trying to complete our second set we have had to purchase many copies we did *not* need in order to get one or two issues that we could use. (Most offers were on an all-or-nothing basis.) We therefore invite any reader who's trying to complete his set of originals to let us know what issues he needs and we'll check to see if we have them among our duplicates. These are not "mint" but are in good condition.

For those of you who are not trying to fill out a collection but would just like to own an original or two, we will fill those orders also, on a first-come, first-served basis. In some cases we have only three or four copies; in others, we might have a dozen or more. Please address any correspondence concerning *original* copies to the attention of Susan Washburn at this office.

The price for a *specific* issue will be $3.00 postpaid; the price for an issue of our own selection (that is, you leave it up to us to send what's available) will be $2.50 postpaid.

Which brings up the second matter of importance: please don't forget that our address is Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. We're afraid that some of you may forget and use the old address at Bandera—and maybe try to write some of the advertisers! The addresses in this magazine you are holding are no longer valid—and unfortunately neither are the prices! You will note the prices Mr. Hunter charged in the beginning. What with our publishing on more expensive paper, mailing in envelopes, and the ungodly increase in costs on *everything*, we wonder if we will come out even as well as he did. Oh, to have those good old 1923 nickels and dimes back again!

We have received a wonderful response to our reprinting these old issues which truly witnessed the end of an era in our country's history. Nothing in them will be changed or deleted—so once more, just until you have time to get used to it—don't forget that if you need to write us, the correct address is *Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764.*—Joe "Hosstail" Small

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FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Vol. 2—No. 4 JANUARY, 1925 $1.50 Per Year

Helped to Blaze the Way for Civilization

During his eighty-six years of residence in Texas, W. S. Powell of Meridian, has watched with growing wonder and appreciation the giant-like strides in the development of what was little more than a vast wilderness with a scattered population when, as a boy 15 years old, he migrated to the state in 1851 from Mississippi with his father.

Mr. Powell has watched the growth in the development of the state not only as an interested spectator, but as a participator as well, in its history. Twice has he taken up arms in its defense, besides risking his life time after time struggling to bear his share of the hardships that came to the early settlers.

His face alight with memories of those days nearly three generations back, Mr. Powell loves to recall incidents that made early time stand out in contrast to the modern age. The old man seems to view the hardships and difficulties with which he had to contend during his youth stoically, or perhaps even sarcastically. He apparently takes pleasure in half- chiding himself because he failed to recognize opportunities to take up rich farm lands that he could have bought for practically nothing as compared to prices for the same lands today.

"In looking back over my life of eighty-six years," Mr. Powell said, "it seems that I have accomplished nothing. I can now see the many wonderful opportunities that were mine for the taking. They lay all about me. For instance I once heard a man say that he could have purchased a certain tract of rich land in the Brazos bottom for a pair of boots.

"My brother bought some good Brazos bottom land for one dollar an acre, and the prevailing price for that kind of land, as well as I remember, was from $1 to $3 an acre. But we had no idea that land was ever destined to reach its present price—there was so much lying out and going to waste, not even a cow or horse to eat the grass on thousands of acres of unfenced land."

Only a few months after the fall of the Alamo, December 11, 1836, Mr. Powell was born in a little Mississippi cottage. There he lived until he was fifteen years of age. Following the days of 1849 there was a great movement of settlers from Mississippi into Texas. Mr. Powell's father followed the migrators and took up a farm in East Texas. Four years later, Mr. Powell settled in Bosque county, in various parts of which county he lived until a few years ago, when he went to Coahoma to reside with his son, Robert Powell.

"When I was fifteen years of age, my oldest brother and another man got the contract to furnish the government with 14,000 bushels of corn, to be delivered at Camp Colorado, on the Colorado river. Although I was only a boy at the time, I became one of the teamsters, and soon thought I could manage and drive a yoke of steers as well as the best.

"Our teams were all oxen, and after we left Mercer's Colony in Comanche county, the rest of the way was trackless waste. We knew very little of the location of Camp Colorado but finally managed to deliver the corn. Where there were trees we blazed the route, and with shovels dug down creek banks and made our own crossings. At night some of the oxen were hobbled, belled and turned out on the grass. Thus they made their own living after working all day for us. They were patient and serviceable animals, to say the least."

The teamsters spread their blankets on the bare ground at nights, and Mr. Powell says, lay down to the sweetest sleep imaginable, due to exhaustion from each day's journey. Even when rain and sleet fell, or severe blizzards came, the teamsters plodded forward with laughter and song on their lips, not realizing just what hardships they were experiencing.

When in 1858, Governor Hardin R. Runnels ordered that 1000 mounted riflemen be enlisted for the defense of Texas frontiers. Mr. Powell answered the call of adventure Ten men were appointed to raise the troop in as many counties. Colonel John S. Ford of Travis county, Captain H. M. McCullough of Guadalupe county, Captain W. Tobin of Bexar, Captain E. A. Palmer of Harris, Captain E. R. Hord of Star, A. Nelson of Bosque, Major A. M. Truett of Shelby, Major E. A. Carroll of Henderson. General J. H. Rogers of Cass, and Colonel Sam Bogart of Collins county, were the men authorized to enlist the different companies. Mr. Powell became a member of Colonel Ford's company.

Colonel Ford penetrated far into the western hills of Texas and fought the Comanche Inians in their own strongholds. His company is noted for its two fights in the same day with the noted Comanche chief "Iron Jacket." In the first engagement the Texans killed 57 warriors, but the chief escaped unhurt, although he had engaged the rangers at close quarters, and had led the Indians' charge in person. Riflemen had tried in vain to bring him down. It was generally believed that he wore an iron jacket, and this belief caused him to be known as Iron Jacket. One ranger, after he had made several attempts to kill the brave chief, offered to bet he would bring him down if he ever came within gunshot of him again.

Not long afterward Colonel Ford was again on the trail of the chief. The rangers were far in the mountains when scouts reported Iron Jacket's warriors just ahead on a little creek. Ford arranged his men in proper order and advanced. As they neared the creek where Iron Jacket was waiting, a small detacnment was sent ahead, and the main body of white men moved up in perfect order, for well they knew what desperate charges the Indians would make when led by Iron Jacket. The detachment left the hills, entered a valley and were nearing the timber on the timber on the creek where the Indians had been seen by scouts, when all at at once the Indians, led by Iron Jacket bounded up the creek. The rangers fell back to join the main body. Iron Jacket fell in the first volley. The Indians fought bravely around their fallen chief, and tried to carry him away, finally abandoning the idea when forced to flee.

After the combat, rangers approached the great chief, whom they found was not dead, but had both legs broken. The ranger who had made the wager that he would bring the noted chief down had fired both barrels of his shotgun at the Indian's knees. The chief was discovered to be encased from the throat nearly to his knees in a Spanish coat of mail, resembling the scales on a fish, but more pointed and lying close to his body. The coat of mail was carried to Austin, and was kept in the old capitol for a time.

In the Canadian river country Ford's men killed seventy-five redskins and took a number of squaws and papoosies prisoners. Two rangers were killed and one wounded. Captain Ford adopted one of the little Indian boys captured, and reared him to manhood, but the Indian had such an inordinate desire for whiskey that the captain could not keep him from getting drunk. Mr. Powell said the Indian was killed some years later near Austin in a drunken brawl.

When the Civil War broke out, Mr. Powell enlisted in the Confederate army. He remained in service four years, oing duty in Arkansas, Missouri and Louisiana. He was mustered out of the Confederate service at Sandy Point, Texas, April, 1865. Ragged and penniless, he went to his Bosque county home to find desolation and want everywhere. But with a broom-tailed pony he started to retrieve his lost fortune. A year after returning from the Civil War he was married to Miss Sallie Wells, who for fifty-eight years was a true help mate to the pioneer.

"In those primitive days a visitor just rode up to the house of a neighbor, walked right in, knowing that he would be perfectly welcome to spend the night, all the next day or just as much longer as he might wish," said Mr. Powell. "A hearty welcome awaited all who came and the latchstring hung on the outside of the door for every wayfarer, day or night."

Deer, wild turkey, antelope and smaller game were plentiful in the early days, according to Mr. Powell. When one needed meat, he only had to go out and shoot a deer or turkey, "just like going into the back yard to kill a chicken.

"When the meal barrel got low we went to a mill twenty-five miles distant, if we had time," the pioneer recalled. "If not we simply did without for a short time, and lived on dried beef or fresh venison, turkey or whatever came. Our neighbors were ten to fifteen miles away."

Mr. Powell has long been too feeble to do any kind of work, but with the aid of a cane makes trips to the postoffice for his mail each day. He enjoys reading the latest books and periodicals, and is usually informed upon every subject that may present itself for discussion. He is particularly well versed in the Bible, and like many old people enjoys nothing as much as a good sermon and participation in church activities. He is merely waiting for "marching orders" to proceed to another Life, he says.

Breaking the wilderness, subduing forests and prairies, making homes safe for future generations, this was the experience of those hardy, fearless frontier homebuilders whom Mr. Powell still lives to represent.

Mr. Powell at present is making his home with his daughter, Mrs. J. F. Dowis at 5631 Eastside Ave. Dallas, Texas. His wife died September 24, 1923.

Pioneer George T. Atkinson of Dalhart, Texas, writes us as follows: "A friend of mine gave me a copy of your splendid magazine, and I read and reread it. I am one of the old timers and enjoyed it very much. I knew quite a few people you mention in that number, Rev. H. G. Bedford, Dr. Shelburn, and others. I was raised in Palo Pinto and Jack counties, and was there when the town of Palo Pinto was Golconda, the county seat of Palo Pinto county. My father was in Jack county when it was organized and voted in the first election. There is but one man living now, as far as I know, that was there and voted in that election and that is Uncle Bill Kutch, who lives at Jacksboro. He is 95 or 96 years old. I am 72 years old and was raised up during the time of Indian depredations."

BITS OF FRONTIER HISTORY.

Contributed by Alex. Brinkmann,
Comfort, Texas.

Herman Stieler's Fight with Indians.

Gottlieb Stieler, a farmer living about two miles from Comfort on North Creek, writes under date of Aug. 3, 1868:

"Last Friday, July 31, my son Herman, 18 years old, while driving a wagon with one yoke of oxen on his return from Camp Verde, was suddenly attacked by five Indians on horseback about 5 o'clock in the afternoon near Mrs Denton's farm on the well traveled road between Comfort and Kerrville.

The Indians advanced towards the wagon yelling horribly. My son however did not lose his nerve. Having stopped the oxen, he jumped from the wagon and opened fire immediately on the Indians, felling one who was, nevertheless, able to crawl back and hide in the brush. The others, seemingly scared, retreated for the moment and followed their wounded comrade to his hiding place.

This pause gave my son the time necessary to reload his gun. He had hardly done so when four unwounded Indians trying a different manoeuvre, charged by at full speed, some 150 paces away. Stopping suddenly, they tied their horses fast and atacked him afoot from both sides, making all kinds of jumps and not standing still a moment. Three of the Indians fired with six-shooters; one used a bow and arrow. My son could defend himself only with his rifle and a six-shooter, keeping under cover of his wagon as much as possible

After the Indians had emptied their six-shooters, the wagon box and wheels being hit in several places, they did not cease the attack. Instead, they kept closing in more determinedly than ever, using their bows and arrows. When my son had only two bullets left, he retreated into the nearest brush, so as to gain sufficient time for re-loading his gun. Meanwhile the Indians searching the wagon took possession of everything in it—a wagon sheet, two blankets, a pair of shoes and the provision box—and hurrying back to their horses, made off.

My son having reloaded his gun, returned to his wagon fortunate to be still in possession of his scalp."—Freie Presse fuer Texas," Aug. 3, 1868.

Pioneer Days in the Panhandle

Judge Emanuel Dubbs, Clarendon, Texas, 1916

It was early in the spring of '79, that the law-abiding citizens of Old Sweetwater town, a buffalo outfitting station near Ft. Elliott in Wheeler county, prepared their first petition for organization and the election of county officers, to be presented to the Clay county court. Henrietta, nearly 200 miles away, was the nearest settlement in Texas; Dodge City in Kansas was the next nearest.

This whole Panhandle country was yet in its primitive state. It had been only a few years since there were countless thousands of buffalo roaming over this region and the wild Plains Indians had full possession. In a book, "Pioneer Days in the Southwest," which I compiled several years ago, I gave a short history of these early days and battles with the Indians. Cattlemen had already established ranches over different parts of the Panhandle, and I settled on Sweetwater creek and opened the first location for a farm in the Panhandle, nine miles from Sweetwater (now Mobeetie). In this short sketch it is not my purpose to portray the difficulties I had to contend with and the opposition that was manifested against the despised "nester." At this time, and for years afterward, every effort possible was made by the cattlemen to keep this an open grazing country.

Our petition for organization was granted by the Clay county court, and an election ordered to be held for county officers and a county seat. I had taken a prominent part in preparing the petition, for I wanted to see the last of the times when every man was "a law unto himself," and had to carry several six-shooters to make that manifest, for I had a wife and three sons at that time, and I was anxious for some of the blessings of civilization. I desire to state here that I had no idea of being a candidate for one of the offices, and you can imagine my surprise when, one morning, an old buffalo-hunting friend, Mr. Wilson Harrah, came to my house and informed me that I had been nominated for the office of county judge. It will be interesting to you to learn how the nomination was conducted and the candidates for the different offices were chosen, as described by Mr. Harrah. At this time there was not a lumber building in the Panhandle, with the exception of Ft. Elliott. The buildings were constructed of pickets or adobes and with dirt roofs. The people met by appointment at Newt Lock's saloon and gambling hall, and selecting two candidates for each office. There was a Mr. Leach who offered himself for county judge, and some one offered my name, and when they voted all lined up on one side of the hall; those who were for Mr. Leach were to remain standing, and those who were for Dubbs were to walk across the hall and line up on the other side. They all walked across but Leach himself, so I was chosen, and as I had no competitor and voted for myself, I was unanimously elected the first county judge in Panhandle. There was a full set of officers elected except a county attorney. We had no law books of any kind and had to wait until we could get them from Austin by freight to Dodge City, and by wagon freight from there to Mobeetie. Mr. Templeton was attorney general and Mr. Roberts was governor at this time, and I shall always have a warm feeling for both these gentlemen for their willingness to help and advise us in all matters that looked to the welfare of our county government while we were yet in our swaddling clothes. We had jurisdiction over twenty-six counties, in fact the whole Panhandle country. Our county seat was first named Sweetwater, but at the first session of he commissioners' court we discovered that we had to change its name as there was already a Sweetwater town in the state, but we retained the Cheyenne Indian name for sweet water, Mobeetie.

We were instructed by the state government to levy taxes on the unorganized counties just the same as our own county, and this got us into trouble, as heretofore all of the large land and cattle owners had just paid a nominal state tax, and steps were taken, unknown to us, to disorganize the county.

One day there came six strangers to our burg, each with two large sixshooters swinging to his belt, and one of them had four, and this attracted our attention. While it was an every day occurrence to see a man carrying two six-shooters, four was an unusual sight and rather amusing. We stacked them up as gunmen and gamblers, as they mingled freely with that class of our citizens. In a few days they declared themselves to be U. S. Marshals from Dallas, Texas, and they began making arrests for what they termed violations of the internal revenue laws. They arrested 32 men at Mobeetie, and among them were all of our officers except myself and two commissioners. This fortunately left us a quorum, so we immediately went into a called session and appointed temporary new officers to fill the arrested men's places. We learned afterward that they though they had arrested enough to put us out of business as a county organization, but at this time we were ignorant of their real motive.

This was close on to the breaking up of the reconstruction period, when a lot of grafters and carpet-baggers flooded the south, persecuted the people and swindled the government. The whole of the people with us were retired buffalo hunters, or from the extreme border, and had never come in contact with this kind of gentry. Our desire was to enforce the law, break up the bands of outlaws and cattle thieves that infested this region. We never for a moment thought the big federal government was behind it, yet we knew that our men had violated no law, and supposing there was some mistake, we protested against their arrest, but without effect. They left the prisoners under guard of two of the marshals and the other four proceeded to Tascosa, a small town in Oldham county made up of several supply stores, saloons,gambling houses and such other concerns that made up our extreme frontier in those days. At this place they arrested small cattlemen and merchants until they had 33 rounded up. For every man they took to Dallas they were to get 25 cents per mile from the government.

The parties arrested at Tascosa were brought to a camp about one mile from Mobeetie, and among the prisoners was a Mr. Edwards, of the mercantile firm of Cone & Edwards. He sent for me and when I went to him he said: "Judge, I believe every man in our outfit has been illegally arrested, and the whole thing is a graft." I asked him why he thought so and he informed me that the warrants had been signed in blank form by the commissioner at Dallas, and when the marshals found a man they desired to arrest, they filled in the charge and the name to suit themselves. "Now, Judge," he continued, "I want you to get out a writ of habaes corpus." "Hold on there Mr. Edwards," I said. "You'll have to tell me what about that thing, for I dont know what it is." Then he informed me that it was an order for the sheriff to arrest the marshals, bring them befroe me, and have them show cause for holding the men they had arrested. I went back to town and gave our new sheriff, Mr. Poe, an order to bring the marshals and the prisoners before me for examination. Mr. Poe was delighted at the opportunity for there was quite a feeling against the marhsals and the only thing that had thus far prevented the mob law was the seriousness of interfering with the affairs of the United States government. In a short time the sheriff went out with a posse and brought the whole outfit before me. We consumed the whole day on this matter and found every warrant illegal. I told the men they were as free as the pure Panhandle air and that they could return to their homes. As they had thoir own conveyances they returned to the camp, expecting to go to their homes the next day. I told the marshals that it was my opinion that this Panhandle country was not very healthy for them and suggested that they get out of it, and then I adjourned court.

I am compelled to make here what may seem a digression. At the close of the Civil War there were two negroes admitted to West Point, to be educated for the regular military service One was named Whittaker, and the other Flipper. The cadets were very much incensed over this and hazed Whitaker the first night, cutting off both of his ears. The poor fellows engaged in it were expelled, and this let Flipper graduate Now at this time he was a first lieutenant in the regular army and in charge of a company of negro soldiers at Fort Elliot. The commanding officer of the post, whose name I have forgotten, was a fine old soldier but as ignorant of military law as I was of the civil code. Instead of the marshals taking my advice, they went to Ft. Elliot and interviewed Flipper, the result of which I give below.

After court (the first ever held in the Panhandle had adjourned)' the boys thought we should celebrate, mostly with liquid refreshments, and it was about midnight when I went to bed. I had been asleep but a hsort time when there came a knock at the door followed by a voice calling me to get up quick I opened the door and there stood Mr. Rinehart, one of the Tascosa men who had went back to the camp, and he informed me that about two hours before Lieut. Flipper and the marshals with a company of "nigger" soldiers had arrested them all again, loaded them in government wagons, and were rushing them down the Ft. Sill trail to get them into the Indian Territory, out of our jurisdiction. He had escaped to bring me the news. You can believe I was mad clear through, and I hustled into my clothes in mighty quick time. We soon had fifteen men mounted and armed, and started on their trail. I was appointed captain of the outfit and it was something to be proud of. there are but a few of that crowd living now. Tom Riley of Canadian, and Tom Laughlin and Newt Lock of Miami, Texas, are the only ones I know of. We rode hard and as the sun was rising above the eastern hills, ushering in a new day we came in sight of the negro soldiers and marshals. I think they discovered us at the same time, for they halted, threw a line of "niggers" across the road with Lieut Flipper at their head, and the marshals lined up behind them. It began to look serious, and they soon realized that they were up against a harder proposition than they had dreamed about They were confronted by fifteen men who had been in the Civil War, and besides all were old buffalo hunters and Indian fighters. We rode up to within fifteen paces of them, formed into line, and called to them to throw down their guns, the marshals at the same time ordering them to fire, but the brave Flipper threw down his sword and the rest dropped their guns, all except the marshals. We ordered the negroes to file to one side, then rode up the marshals poked the guns against their stomachs and ordered them to throw down their guns, and they threw them down. I don't know what would have happened if one shot had been fired. I suppose they would have wip ed us out but not without us getting some of them.

After this fracas was settled we told the negroes to go back to Ft. Elliot; that we would use the wagons and teamsters and return them in due time. We were two and a half miles from the Territory line and 22 miles from Mobeetie, and the back trail was rough and sandy. The marshals had their horses, but we told them the walking was not all taken up and they could walk and they walked.

Now I was in a quandary. I was not familiar with the law covering a case of this kind, so I sought the advice of my friend, Tom McLaughlin, and said to him: "Tom what do you think the laws of this commonwealth requires of me? What is the offense and the penalty?"

"Why, said he, "that is easy; hang 'em." When I asked him if I had jurisdiction he said he thought I had. But being uncertain about it, I asked Tom Riley for his opinion and said he believed it was contempt of court, and as that sounded better to me I concluded to act on his opinion When we arrived at Mobettie I requested the sheriff to call court, and then I pronounced sentence on the marshals. I told them that they with malice aforethought, had openly and maliciously violated the sanctity of the law and the orders of this honorable court, I therefore fined them $100 and costs, amounting to $137.50 each, and as they had no money with which to pay their fines, I instructed the sheriff to put them in jail. We had no jail but had started to build a small picket calaboose about 12 feet square. The calaboose was just started, the pickets were ten feet above the ground, but there was no door, no window, nor a roof. Our sheriff, Mr. Poe put up a ladder to walk up on, and then placed one inside to walk down on, and when he got them all in he pulled the inside ladder out, and thus we had them. We did not have to bother with our prisoners very long, for they soon got word of their prediciment and the officers at the post came down and paid their fines. This was the first money we had in our county treasury, and it amounted to over $800. The marshals went to Ft. Elliot and took the stage to Ft. Dodge, and we thought our troubles were over. In a short time we received our law books from the state and I went to work to learn my duties. We appointed three jury commissioners and set the time for our regular term of court. We rented a building for a court house. This building had been put up originally for a saloon and gambling hall and consisted of one room 20x60 feet. It was built of cottonwood pickets, covered with poles and had a dirt roof, and a dirt floor. This building was the last one on the street joining the government reservation.

Everything went pleasantly until the morning of our regular term of court, when Mr. Flemming, our old sheriff and I went to the court house. As we came to the door we were suddenly confronted by our six marshals who had their six shooters pointed at us, and they ordered us to throw up our hands, and we very promptly complied for there is no fun in looking into the business end of one lone six shooter, let alone six of them. The marshals read warrants and declared we were their prisoners, and started with us at once for Ft. Elliot. The charge against me was that of resisting a United States officer in the discharge of his duty. After going a short distance we met Hank Creswell, who had a large cattle ranch on the Canadian river. He asked me where I was going. I told him that we were under arrest and did not know where we were being taken. Mr. Creswell told the marshals that he would go on our bail, but they informed him that it was not a bailable case, and we proceeded on our way The result was they locked us up in the post guard house, where we had plenty of leisure to think about our misdeeds and things in general.

About one o'clock that night we heard several challenges, "who goes there," and after a while three men came up to the window and said they were a committee representing about threehundred armed men who had been gathered from all the ranches within reach to demand our release, else they would attack the post. We told them to go back and tell the men to disband, after the marshals had assured us that they would release us in the morning on our personal recognizance if we would appear when they wanted us. This we agreed to do, and were released accordingly. The next day we spent $221 in telegraphing the whole matter to the governor and his reply was that he would lay the whole matter before the trial judge, Mr. McCormick of Dallas, Texas.

We discovered the marshals had rounded up all the men they had arrested in the beginning. So we had to provide our own conveyances, including a four-mule team loaded with "chuck" and our camp equippage, and started for Dallas, refusing to allow a single marshal to travel with us. There were 65 of us and quite a jolly crowd. When we got within a short distance of Henrietta we were met by an escort, and were not allowed to spend a cent. From that time on we were escorted by citizens of Decatur, and finally Gen. Cable, with an escourt of honor, accompanied us into Dallas. The cause of all this demonstration was the newspapers of Texas had exposed the injustice, the graft, and the persecution perpetrated upon the people of the Panhandle in these arrests. In this instance they had arrested Mr. Flemming and myself, who had served four years in the United States army. It was high time to clean house, and Federal Judge McCormick charged the grand jury to find indictments against the marshals,which they did,and we were retained as witnesses. Not a one of us were brought to trial. The marshals were tried and each recieved two years in the penitentiary; the commanding officer at Ft. Elliot was fined $3,000, and and the Negro Flipper was discharged from the service.

I have not been able to give the exact dates, but this occurred in the latter part of the summer of 1879. Wonderful changes have taken place in this great Panhandle country since that time. We now have beautiful towns, cities, splendid forms, magnificent churches, and schools, and a citizenship equal to any in the United States. I am glad that I have been spared and permitted to see this country in its glorious prosperity.

NO MUSIC METHOD compares with my Ten Self-Explanatory Piano Lessons. Result of 25 years' teaching. Fifteen dollars for course. Send C. O. D. —Mrs. Fletcher Layton, Medina, Texas.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and thus help to extend the circulation of this little magazine

The Old Frontier; Events of Long Ago

By W. K. Baylor

As early as 1730, the Indians were raiding the settlement at San Antonio, and permitted no opportunity for robbery and murder to pass unnoticed and were crossing the Rio Grande and raiding Mexico. These raids were confined to the Comanches and Apaches and continued on our Texas frontier for 150 years.

When Austin's colonists landed in Texas in 1822, there were no friendly Indians, and the colonists had to fight in order to exist. And thus it was with the early settlers of Texas up to and including the year 1874 on most of our northern frontier and much later on our western and north-western frontier were these raids of pillage, murder and destruction continued.

The last Indian fight on Texas soil was on January 29th, 1881, and Colonel George Wythe Baylor was in command of the rangers who participated in the fight and, as usual took an active part in it, and on that day fired his last shot at an Indian, after having served his state faithfully for many years as an Indian fighter and a distinguished Confederate officer. He died at San Antonio, Texas, on the 27th day of March A. D. 1916, eighty-four years of age (peace to his ashes) and was buried in the Confederate cemetery at that place. A little marble slab ten by eighteen inches marks his last resting place, bearing this inscription, "Colonel George Wythe Baylor . Born August 27th, 1832. Died March 27th, 1916."

The particular murder I wish to record in this article occurred in Stephens county, Texas, in June, 1860. George W. Baylor took an active part in the fight with the Indians who killed Josephus Browning, and as I have stated above, he fought the last Indian fight on Texas soil—which is quite a distinction in his long and eventful life.

The last Indian fight in Texas was in El Paso county, in the Diablo Mountains, on January 29th, 1881. In my next article I will give the particulars of the fight as given by Col. Baylor himself.

I here record the murder of Josephus Browning: In 1859, a family by the name of Browning moved into Stephens county, and occupied a ranch which had been owned and occupied by Captain William Preston. The Browning family consisted of the father and mother, both of whom were elderly people, two sons, Frank and Josephus, and two daughters. At the time of moving into the country the children were all grown. They brought with them a considerable herd of cattle. The ranch was on Hubbard's Creek, not far above the mouth. That was a beautiful country, full of game of all kinds and in the streams fish of the daintiest varieties, and such grasses as grew nowhere else. Stock were fat winter and summer. A new country had been occupied by the Brownings. Her vast rolling prairies and woodlands, beautifully blended, lay before them. Surely, here in this beautiful country, if anywhere on earth, a happy home could be made and in time from the increase of their cattle they would have plenty. But not so. In less than a year after they moved into the country, the Comanches, one evening in June, 1860, killed and scalped Josephus Browning and seriously wounded Frank. Thus in the twinkling of an eye, so to speak, were the hopes and prospects of the Brownings shattered and ruined; their hopes and visions so tenderly nurtured were stricken down at one blow. Sorrow settled upon that aged father and mother and followed them to their graves. They had met with an overwhelming reverse of fortune, a disaster sufficient to break their spirits and prostrate them in the dust.

On the evening of the disaster to the Brownings a party consisting of John R. Baylor, George Wythe Baylor, my older brother, J. W. Baylor, a negro man and the writer were rounding up cattle on Hubbard's Creek, some seven or eight miles above the Browning ranch. Early the next morning a messenger arrived at our camp and informed us of what had happened. We at once saddled our horses and hurriedly went to the place of the tragedy. Some of the neighbors had just arrived with the body of the dead boy. A heart-bleeding sight met our eyes when we entered the house. In one room we saw Frank Browning sitting up leaning against the wall apparently dying, three arrows having passed through his body. He could not breathe when lying down, so, exhausted as he was, from the shock caused by the wounds and intense pain, he could not rest otherwise than in a sitting position and could rest but precious little then. Loving hands of sisters were doing what could be done to relieve the gnawing, biting pain, but no relief came until Dame Nature healed the wounds and removed the cause of the pain. In another room, cold in death, lay Josephus Browning, the baby boy, who had just blossomed into young manhood. By his side sat his aged mother immersed in all the sorrow such a disaster can produce. A large piece of his scalp gone, his throat cut, his breast full of stabs from a lance or perhaps the scalping knife, his hands badly cut showing he had used them to prevent the scalping and the cutting of his throat and the stabbing: in his hands was some of his hair showing that while life lasted there was fight. There sat that mother intently gazing on the pale face of her dead boy who just a little while ago had ridden from her sight filled with life and joy, but now held fast in the cold embrace of death. A beautiful rose crushed, a splendid young man foully murdered. No tongue can express the horror, nor pen describe it.

I was then just a few months past twelve years of age. The tragedy made a wonderful impression on me and I feel now when thinking about it, that if anyone had thrown a rock against the house, fired a gun or popped a cap you could not have seen me for the dust.

George Wythe Baylor walked over near the dead boy and stood and gazed at his peaceful face, calm in all the dignity of death. Finally, he said to some one standing near, "This is the most cowardly, dastardly act I ever knew of. That boy was my friend, and if possible, I will make those red-handed murderers pay for this." The faith that men have in each other is evidenced nowhere as strongly as on the frontier. Association in the danger which is ever present draws men very close together and there forms a friendship which binds very strongly and each will avenge the death of the other when possible.

The Baylors and young Browning were warm personal friends; they had hunted, fished and camped out together at a time and place that tried men's souls. The two Baylors at that time had two of the best guns on the frontier. John R. Baylor had a Colt's repeating rifle which would shoot six times. Geo. Wythe Baylor had a double barrell shotgun he called "Old Cassiday," and there was always sixteen blue whistlers in each barrell and when he sighted along the barrell and puled the trigger some thing aways happened, and they knew perfectly well if they ever got among those "red-handed murderers" of Josephus Browning and got within 100 yards of them, that six-shooting rifle and "Old Cassiday" would pump hot lead through those murderers just as though they were pieces of cheese.

It is a fact well known by the few survivors of the old frontier, that if John R. Baylor and George Wythe Baylor were on the outskirts of civilization the settlers felt secure in person and property and the Indians felt insecure. If the Indians knew the Baylors were on the frontier they avoided that particular part of it. The Baylors never needed guides nor scouts, they could outscout a scout and when it came to trailing they were the equal of any Indian and they knew the northern frontier to its furtherest limit.

Upon taking our leave of the Brownings John R. Baylor and my uncle Geo. Wythe Baylor grasped the hands of the aged Brownings and John R. Baylor said to them, "Friends, we will if possible avenge the death of your noble son. Indian scalps must pay for this dastardly crime." How faithfully that promise was kept the Paint Creek fight shows.

A posse of citizens in due time, led by John R. Bayler, followed the Indians and after an absence of seven or eight days returned with abundance of evidence that the Indians had paid dearly for their raid. In a few days after the return a barbecue was given to honor the men. By this time Frank Browning had recovered sufficiently to attend, and saw the evidence of the fact that the Indians had paid at least a part of the debt they were due the Brownings.

I know of many other murders. The Browning is an average case and will suffice for the present. Examples could be multiplied of the tragedies witnessed and experienced by the men and women of those times. How many sleepless nights were spent by the lonely women left by circumstances in isolated homes, listening to the panther's scream, the wolf's long howl, the stealthy tread of the moccasined feet of the Comanche, will never be known. Much has been said and written about the men-folks of the early settlers of Texas. Too much however, has not been said about the men, but too little has been said about the noble frontier women who really deserve as much praise as the men. When there was danger for the men, there was danger for the women; when the one endured hardships and privations the other endured them. If the men shed their blood so also did the women. It is rare that we see a word of credit given to the women of the early settlers who, in honor, laid the foundation of our empire State. In truth, as much credit is due the wives and daughters as is due the men and, if in the corner stone of the foundation they laid there is found the blood of men there will be found mingled with it the blood of women. Take the Indian raids along our entire frontier during the war between the states, 1861-65, when all able-bodied men were gone to the war and the women and children practically defenseless; the list of the murdered is a long one consisting almost entirely of women and children. Surely no greater sacrifice was ever made. They left us an example of courage and endurance worthy of our striving to equal. They sealed their devotion with blood and greater love than this hath no man, and not the half of their suffering has ever yet been told. I do not think of our frontier women as beautiful vines winding around the ruggest forest-trees and clothing them with beauty, but I think of them as a splendid example of aggressive womanhood who planted the germ of our great state and added new beauties to their sex. If I were asked for my sublimest ideal of what woman should be in time of war. I would point to the women of our frontier as I remember them in those eventful years of our frontier life. I feel that those women deserve to take rank with the highest heroines of the grandest days of the greatest countries. Their high conception of duty and their noble ideals of service to humanity characterized their long years of suffering and service. They were tortured and scalped by the savage, and their blood and suffering has made sacred every inch of Texas. And they founded an empire and their names are immortal. "Crowns of roses fade—crowns of thorns endure. Calvaries and crucifixies take deepest hold of humanity. The trumpets of might are transient, they pass away and are forgotten—the sufferings of right are graven deepest on the chronicles of nations."

The pioneer women of Texas stand unrepeated, a high water mark in our history. They were the greatest sufferers and deserve the greater praise The glorious example of their fidelity and courage will not be forgotten by those who come after us. And our admiration for their achievements increase with the passing of time.

The Pirate's Buried Gold.

By The Associated Press.

Belton, Texas, November 20.—Buried treasure, whether planted by a buccaneer of old or a bandit of today, has a glamor that will not fade; but the buried treasure of Belton seems to outlive them all.

When Jess Newton testified a few days ago he had buried near San Antonio in glass jars a small fortune alleged to have been taken in a train robbery at Rondout, Ill., several months ago, he excited the imagination to dwell on all the hidden wealth which may lie beneath the soil of Texas. But his stories outshone for only a moment the mysterious gold that glitters somewhere in the bosom of the earth hereabouts.

The great treasure, all that 10 mules could carry, is one among many strange and curious accounts related by J. Frank Dobie, secretary of the Texas Folklore Society. A pirate's love for a woman and the romance of war is woven into the story.

It seems, according to the tale, that

almost all the people in the rural districts of Bell, Falls and Williamson counties must know something of it. The search has extended to many places. Some claim that the treasure is buried at Reed's Lake; others at Burgess Lake, but the general opinion, according to this account, is that it must be buried at what is known as Three Forks, the confluence of the Nolan, Lampasas and Leon rivers which form Little River not far from here.

The legend begins with one Karl Steinheimer, born near Speyer, Germany, in 1793. He ran away from home at the age of 11,became a pirate while yet in his 'teens and commanded his own pirate craft at 21. In 1817 he broke with his partner, one Aury, over a question of piratical policy, left his rendezvous on Galveston Island and journeyed far into the interior of Mexico where he engaged in mining. The years brought great prosperity. In 1838, how it is not explained, he learned that a boyhood sweetheart was in St. Louis and unmarried. He closed up his affairs, loaded his fortune of silver and gold on 10 Mexican jacks and started with two guards in the general direction of the Missouri town.

When Steinheimer got to Matamoras he learned that, notwithstanding the defeat of the Mexican general Santa Anna at San Jacinto nearly three years before, Mexico still hoped to re possess Texas. Preliminary to the proposed conquest, Manuel Flores, with a few men, was preparing to start from Matamoras in 1839 for Nacogdoches to instigate an Indian uprising.

Steinheimer finally joined him in the spring of 1839. At the Colorado river they were dismayed to learn that General Burleson was advancing upon them and that an engagement was but a matter of a few hours. On agreement with Flores, Steinheimer left the command and began a detour · several miles north. Flores, history relates, proceeded to a point near Austin where in a battle with Lieut. James O. Rice, he was killed on May 14.

Meanwhile Steinheimer cautiously picked his way across the prairies, avoided all trails and finally came to a place where three streams intersect. Here he decided to bury all of his fortune except one smal package of gold that might be needed for immediate use. The only mark to designate the spot was a large brass spike driven into an oak tree a few feet away. Teh spike was of the type used as a bolt in early boat construction.

Steinheimer and his two men then set out in a southerly direction. About 14 miles away according to the meager description that has come down to posterity, they came to a "bunch of knobs on the prairie." While they were getting their bearings Indians attacked the three men and Steinheimer's aids were killed.

Badly wounded,, Setinheimer concealed himself in the center hill where he buried his remaining gold with the exception of six Spanish coins. The spot was not marked. Finally, his assailants falling to find him, he dragged himself wearily along until he fell in with a party of travelers.

Realizing that he was about to die, he made a crude map of the region where he had buried his hoard and wrote to his sweetheart an account of his fortunes and misfortunes. He requested that she keep his message secret for three months and if at the end of that time he had not arrived in St. Louis she was to understand that he was dead and that his fortune wes hers. These were the last tidings of Steinheimer.

In the course of time the letter reached its destination, the legend has it, but several years passed before conitions in Texas were such that relatives of the lady were able to look for the treasure with any degree of safety.

"Then after months of search," the story concludes, "they were convinced that the three streams referred to were the Nolan, Lampasas and the Leon which unite not far from what became the town of Belton to form what is now the Little River. Here must lie the vast fortune. In consequence it is decided that the smaller parcel of gold could not be over two or three miles from the town of Rogers in Bell county, as near it are the Knobs, a small bunch of hills lying between the Santa Fe and the Katy railroads at about the charted distance from the three forks."

No evidence exists that any part of Steinheimer's wealth was ever found, despite the great amount of time and money spent in its quest.

In the Days of Frontier Freighting

By T. U. Taylor, University of Texas.

The Civil War left the people of West Texas exposed to the Indians, and without money, sugar, coffee or any of the luxuries of life. There were no markets for our flour, our cattle, horses, corn or other products. We raised our own bread and meat, and wore home-spun woven by our mothers on the old-fashioned loom. After crops were gathered in the fall every farmer made a trip to the end of the H. & T. C. Railroad, which at that time was slowly crawling across the state from Houston towards Sherman. We always raised a good wheat crop; then took the wheat to the old water power mills on the Clear Fork of tthe Trinity that ran by Weatherford and Fort Worth. There was the old Harvick Mill, the Robertson Mill on the line between Tarrant and Parker, the Winslow Mill two miles above, and another mill opposite the present town of Aledo. We ground the wheat into flour, sacked it, saved the "shorts" and bran for home feed; and when ready, we started in a covered wagon for the "depot". The flour was carefully packed in the wagon body, the camp outfit placed in the front, and all the bedding on top of the flour. The horse-freighters and the oxen freighters had entirely different customs. The horse freighters had to carry feed for their teams because the grass was practically dead by the time they started. The ox-freighters lived off of the grass. They hobbled the oxen at night and let them graze till late in the morning. They then yoked the oxen and traveled till late in the day, often after dark. The horse-freighter often started before daylight. It is true that many horse-freighters made a trip to the "depot" after crops were laid by in the summer. In this case they depended on the grass to a large extent, but not entirely. Horses could not do the work without grain of some·kind. This grain consisted almost entirely of corn or barley. In some rare cases even wheat was used, but it had to be used with great caution on account of the danger of "foundering" the horses or mules. I remember with regret, my responding to the appetite of a big, brown horse and the result was that he was "foundered" and delayed us about a week.

The outfit consisted of the team, either two horses, four horses or six horses, the wagon, the down-load, the feed for the team, the bedding for the driver, and the inevitable and universal "mess box". This "mess box" varied in size and internal structure. It was rectangular in shape with a lid attached by leather hinges with a clasp on the front side. In the "mess box" was contained the "commissary department" of the freighter. The box of axle grease, which was the freighter's constant reliance in the case of a horse wagon, was kept in a separate part of the wagon, never in the "mess box," and never in the feed trough. For a four-horse outfit the feed box at feeding time was attached to the tongue of the wagon by a slip joint. During the day it was carried on the side of the body or on top of the lead itself. A forked stick was used to place under the end of the tongue at night. The feed box was placed thereon and two horses were tied to the tongue on each side, and the corn was fed to them in the feed box. In the spring and summer after the team had eaten the evening feed it was staked out on the grass. In the fall and winter when the grass was dead the team was fed fodder, oats or hay after the grain meal. The four horse team consisted of the saddle horse, the off-wheeler, the lead horse and the off-leaders, while the freighter rode the saddle horse. A few drivers, howver, preferred long lines on the wheelers and the leaders while they rode on the wagon. Young horses unbroken were always placed at the off-wheel. I remember starting out with a wild mule at the off-wheel. At the age ft oicehgxg ml mmtmhmtmhmtmhmtm of eighteen I could handle a four-horse team like a veteran. A big gray mule by the name of "Sam" was the saddle mule. The wild mule was placed at the off-wheel. A strong halter was always kept on the wild mule and a long rope ran back and was tied firmly to one of the front horses A second shorter rope was connected to his bridle bit and was attached to the driver's saddle. Thus when the wild mule became unruly the driver, by use o the rope attached to his bit, held him down. The near leader was generally an experienced and gentle worker. Some drivers preferred the single line and when this was the case a gentle pull turned the leader to the left, while a jerk was a signal for him to turn to the right. On one occasion we had no horse to work at the off wheel. We went out on the prairie on the Bear Creeks in Parker County and found a sway-back "stray". We drove the bunch of horses to the corral, caught the sway-back, and the next morning started him at the off-wheel where he worked throughout the trip. There were also six and eight horse teams. In the six-mule team we had the leaders the wheelers and the swing team.

The location of the camp was controlled by the demands for wood and water. The wagoners (for such was the name of the freighters in frontier days) always looked ahead for the waterholes for noon and night camp. A few sticks of wood were always carried for an emergency, especially on the long trips over the prairies. During the dry summers the water holes or springs became oases for the freighters, and often from four to a dozen wagons would be camped around these springs or water holes at night. During very dry times enterprising farmers would go to the expense of digging a well near the road, and advertising the water. On one occasion we paid five cents per horse to have our team watered. In very rare cases the wagoners had to resort to "bois de vaca" (cow chips) for wood.

Generally four or five wagoners camped together around water holes or watering places. These nearly always messed together. They built a common fire, brought their mess boxes, each one cooked his own food, and then they passed it around. The inevitable coffee pot was always present, always on the fire, always full of coffee, red hot and boiling. I never saw a wagoner yet who would not use the half-pint tin cup, pour his coffee out of the pot into the cup, and drink it without waiting for it to cool off. It was a perpetual wonder that their lips were not blistered. Later I saw cowboys in Parker county do the same thing. On one occasion at a dare one of the wagoners took the coffee pot o the fire and drink the coffee right out of the spout. He never flinched or batted an eye lash. He denied vigorously that it even burned him, but I believe to this day that it did burn him, in spite of his denial. That coffee was strong and it would fulfill the Western test of "floating an iron wedge".

The term "depot" was used all over Western Texas, and it was universally understood that it was the end of the H. & T. C. Railroad. My first trip was made to Old Millicin, a few miles below the present town of Navasota. Later the "depot" applied successively to Navasota, Bryan, Hearne, Groesbeck, Kosse and Corsicana. Although I was only a boy, I made trips with other teamsters to all these towns. Sometimes I made as many as two or three trips a year. These depots, to put it mildly, were "wild and wooly." Gamblers were thick on all streets in all kinds of clothes, and gambling was not confined to cards, but every imaginable game of chance. Horse racing was rare around the "depots", while gambling with cards was rampant. The "depot" were wide open and all classes of men and women were to be found there. The bark of the six shooter at night was frequent, the saloons were' always crowded, but it was surprising that very, very few of the wagoners drank to excess. Often I would beg the older men to take me along to the town at night, but they never took me into a saloon or a gambling house and never around drunk men. Although quarrels were frequent I never witnessed a shooting scrape. These happened late at night after I had retired. We always camped a mile or so from the "depot", went in the next morning, sold our flour, loaded up our load of goods for Cleburne, Weatherford, Jacksboro or any western town, even two or three counties away from our home. I remember distinctly that the Navasota bottom (known in those days as the "Navasot" with the accent on the "sot") was the muddiest and the boggiest piece of road outside the Devil's Race Track on the northeastern corner of Hunt county. It took us nearly all one day to get three teams across the Navasot. Our trip from Parker County to Millican, Bryan and Hearne led through Buchanan, Cleburne, Hillsboro, Mount Calm, Marlin, and on to Hearne. Our download was generally flour, but many was the load of dry raw-hides that I saw stacked on the wagons like a load of hay. These were sold by weight; and many a wagoner stopped the night before, unloaded his hides, spread them out on the prairie with the hair side up in order to baptize them in the dews of heaven and thus increase the weight for the next day. This seemed to be a universal custom.

The load from the "depot" always consisted of dry goods, groceries, etc., for the stores in western towns. The wagoners would often have to wait a week to secure a load. These goods were always shipped to the care of a local merchant in the "depot" town and he awarded the load to some wagoner. The local merchant inspected the team and always insisted that they have a wagon sheet because a good duck wagon sheet was necessary to protect the goods from damage by rain. I know in one case a local merchant overlooked the wagonsheet requirement; and a rain came up on the wagoner. A new bale of ducking was in the shipment of goods. He took it out and proceeded to make a wagon sheet himself by sewing the strips together, and at the end of the journey he paid the owner merchant for the duck that he had used. I witnessed this emergency tailor at work with a large spaying needle.

The upload often consisted of miscellaneous merchandise, and many times there would be a barrel of whiskey in the load. I saw one ingenious wagoner who understood the laws of physics, secure a bottle of whiskey. He took took advantage of the fact that the whiskey had a specific gravity of about .75 or about three-fourths that of water. He bored a hole in the top of the whiskey barrel through which he could fit the neck of the old Burbon bottle of whiskey, filled the bottle full of water, suddenly inverted it, pushed it through the hole in the top of the barrel, and gravity did the rest. The water went down, the whiskey came up. He then whitled a plug out of soft pine, drove it through the hole,smeared it over with grease and the deed was done. Another wagoner with a strong pair of lungs resoted to the pneumatic process. He bored a small hole in the top of the barrel with a gimlet, inserted a long cane pipe stem through the hole into the whiskey. He then placed his mouth over the pipe stem and blew and blew and blew. The air filled the air place above the whiskey in the barrel: and the pneumatic pressure was enough when he moved his mouth, to produce a jet of the whiskey. To prevent the whiskey's falling back vertically, he blew sidewise on the jet and cascaded the whiskey over into a washpan. After his washpan was full he then removed the quill, poured water into the barrel through the hole, plugged it, smeared grease over it to cover up his traces. I saw another ingenious wagoner extract brown sugar form a barrel in a somewhat similar way. He bored a hole about a half inch in diameter in the top of the barrel, secured a piece of tin, rolled it into a cylinder somewhat less than a half inch in diameter, pushed it down into the sugar, and the tin cylinder, when withdrawn, was full of brown sugar. The process was repeated until he had all the sugar he wanted.

Before the H. & T. C. Railroad started from Houston all of west Texas "wagoned" to old Jefferson, at the head of Buffalo Bayou, Goods came up Red River then through the Bayou, to Jefferson, and were hauled from our other Western towns. It was a clearing house and the open port to the whole of West Texas. But after the railroad started from Houston, Jefferson ceased to be the clearing house for Western Texas. All towns from old Ben Ficklin to Jacksboro diverted their route to the "depot." Wagoner that obtained loads for towns in the Indian country would collect at some town on the edge of the frontier and there wait until eight or more wagons arrived. They would then make the trip as a train under the command of some leader, all heavily armed for an Indian attack. I remember on one occasion we had collected at Weatherford, and there were ten wagons about ready to start. One of the drivers suddenly became sick and a shift of drivers took place. I was going with an older driver with a four-horse team. In the shift they assigned me a two hosre team of gentle, steady horses in the middle of the train. I sat up in the spring seat, my feet not touching the floor, with a double-barreled shotgun in the corner of the wagon ready for use. While it seems foolhardy to this day and past belief, I was anxious for a scrap with the Indians and I was continually looking out on the right and left for Indian signs. We arrived in Jacksboro safe and sound, camped by the side of a small creek and wandered over the town at night, free and secure, The government had established a military fort at Jacksboro and the soldiers afforded protection against the Indians near the town. However, the Indians would not hesitate to come within a few miles of the garrisoned fort. They calculated that the soldiers would require time in starting and they could easily get away. It must be said they generally did get away, and I have heard the Western settlers often complain at the slowness of the soldiers.

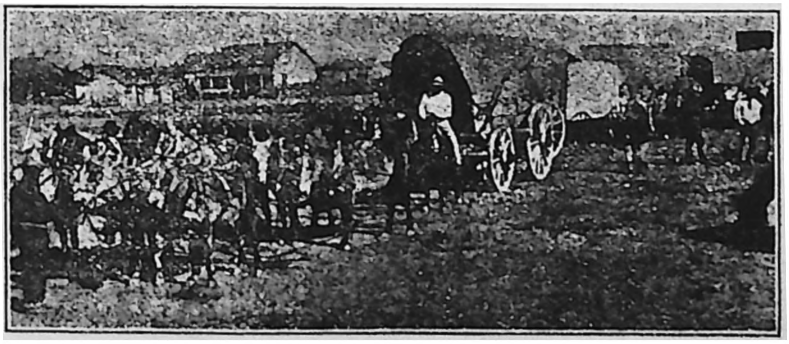
It must have been in 1863 that I went through the Indian country with the freighters to Jacksboro. After supper I was strolling along the bank of a little stream and I came upon a quarrel between a citizen and a soldier. I had not seen the beginning of the quarrel, but it soon developed into a regular bare knuckle and skull fight. They knocked each other down, but they did not attempt to stamp each other or gouge each other's eyes. It was fist and skull and no Marquis of Queensbury laws prevailed. The fight finally terminated in favor of the citizen. I stood off and watched it, the sole spectator. Each man was left bloody and almost completely exhausted. I retailed the circumstances to the freighters when they returned from the town. I gave a vivid description of all that occurred. Remember that I knew neither of the fighters, had never seen them before, and have never seen them since. At the conclusion of my recital one of my neighbor freighters said to me,

"Tom, who were they?"

I replied, "It was a Yankee and a white man,“ for it never occurred to me to class a Yankee as a white man;; then one of the men asked if the Yankee was not also a white man. I replied "Yes, he is a white man,but he is a Yankee." That story of the Yankee and the white man got back to my neighborhood, and I never lived it down until I left there.

They Antedated Austin.

It is true that Stephen F. Austin is called the "Father of Texas," but let me tell you of my great-great-grandfather, who blazed the trails to civilization which made Texas the peaceful land in which we now dwell. My great-great-grandfather was a native of Arkansas. In 1820 he started for Texas with his family. They had no wagons and had to depend on pack horses. On December 15, 1820, they arrived at the Brazos River. On January 8th, 1921, they crossed the Colorado River where the town of Columbus now stands. They were the first white family that ever crossed the Colorado River. On July 18, 1821, Stephen F. Austin landed at the mouth of the Colorado River in Matagorda county. My great-great-grandfather took some men and moved Austin and his followers up to the settlement. Ausin gave him a barrel of flour for his kindness. It was the first bread they had eaten in eighteen months. In June 1823, my grandfather left the settlement to go farther into this once vast Wilderness. He came to a large lake one day and found two big eagles upon it. He killed them both and from that time it has been known as Eagle Lake, where the beautiful little city of Eagle Lake now stands. On July 4, 1824, my great-great-grandfather died in his fifty-third year at a place now known as Lane City, in Wharton County. While Stephen F. Austin was a great and noble men, let us not forget the men who made trails in which Austin followed. Judge William Rabb, J. Duty, R. Kuykendall, Dan Gilliland, Thos. Williams, D. Rowals, Judge Cummins, Capt. Christman, and a few others were here when Austin's colony arrived in 1821. —Annie V. Blackburn, Blessing,Texas, in Dallas Semi-Weekly News.



Freighting in the Early Days.

Linking Pioneer Days with the Present

By A. W. Young.

The old time country church is fast passing away. The automobile and good roads have made it possible for most of the country folks to attend church in towns and they do so. Years ago when we did not have automobiles and good roads, the country church was the most prominent thing in the community. It not only furnished the center for the religious activites of the community, but for many of the social ones as well. What great gatherings there were at the annual protracted meetings of the country churches; gatherings of the people for miles around, who not only came to learn more of God and to renew their vows to him, but also to meet the other folks and have the most pleasant social season of the year. Many of the old time church buildings were built with an idea of segregating the sexes. Some of them had a dividing partition all the way through the center row of seats, and there were two doors to the building. Men and women might come to the church together but in front of it they separated and entered by different doors, after the fashion of the Quakers of today. Young men might get very close to the door into which their sweethearts entered, but they could not go with them. The best they could do during services was to look at the aforesaid sweetheart, at long range, and if the sweetheart could catch mother "off guard" she might look at her young man and smile But that was wrong, very, very wrong; at least the older one said it was, but they didn't have much success in making the younger ones believe it. But it was better to have sweethearts and beaux in the church building, even if they looked at each other occasionally, than to have the young men remain outside and smoke cigarettes until services were over, as they do in some places today. I do not know who invented the segregation idea but I am of the idea that he was a married man. It came from that extra generous instinct that causes men to travel for the health of their wives; but never for their own. The segregation left all the smaller, children with the patient mother, and thus, during services she could care for them without any interference on the part of the father. She could devote her time exclusively to this, if necessary, and if she failed in keeping them quiet in the house she could take them outside whenever she pleased.

If John went to sleep during the sermon no blame would be attched to her, even if he snored so loud that he woke some of the others who were asleep. It also relieved mother of the burden of "poking John in the ribs" to emphasize the good points of the sermon. It may have been lonesome for married men. and evidently the advantage was on the side of the women. But that type of church building is gone, in the main, never to return. Today the married man has to help care for the children if they are in the church building, and if they are outside, father is also outside with them, while mother is hearing the sermon. Perhaps this is best as mother usually has more "religion" than father. and besides she is sure to remember all the points in the sermon, which "hit" John and she will not fail to tell them to him. Instead of the young man being away from his best girl, during services, he may now,if he is not a cigarette fiend, and cannot stay where he cannot smoke, stay right with that most wonderful girl, hold her hand, look into her eyes with an expression akin to the one in the eyes of a calf whose throat has just been cut. That is one of the necessary preliminaries to an interview with father, in the case where the old fashioned idea of asking the consent of the parents, is still in vogue. But with rapid transit and modern day independence father does not figure much in the plans of many of the younger generation, when it comes to marriage.

Daughter simply goes out for an auto ride and brings home a son-in-law, like the family cat goes out hunting and brings home something and the children cry: "Oh, Mamma, see what the old cat brought home." When the cat does not like what she brings home she does not eat it, and when daughter finds that she does not like the young man whom she has brought home, she files suit for divorce, he signs a waiver and in 31 days she is ready to go riding again. That is more rapid transit. But some girls are not going this path way, for which we should thank the Lord and take courage.

Some of them are like the old time story. A young man said: "I asked my girl to marry me and she said: "Go see father." "Now she knew that I knew that her father was dead, and she knew that I knew what kind of a life her father had led. She knew, that I knew what she meant, when she said: Go see father."

With all our criticisms of the follies of the past and especially of today, we must not fail to see that the masses of people are walking in the paths of decency and righteousness, and that our young women are the finest in all the world, taken as a whole, and the world will not lack for good mothers and housewives in the generations to come. They may go in ways which seem queer to us, for awhile, but they will soon eliminate the things which are hurtful, and grow up to be fine sweet, gentle women. It does seem though that some of our girls are almost like the negro cook, in the old time story. A drummer stopping at a hotel in one of the smaller towns, was ordering his breakfast, and the negro waiter said:"Boss how will you have yoh eggs dis mawnin?" "You may just eliminate my eggs." The waiter went back to the kitchen and consulted the cook. When he returned he said: "Boss, de cook said dat he could give yoiu dem eggs fried, scrambled, poached or boiled, but he just could not 'limitate dem eggs." "You go back and tell that cook that I must have my eggs eliminated," said the drurmer. The negro did as directed, but when he returned he said. "Boss, de cook says dat he just can't 'limitate dem eggs. has never been but one 'limitator in our kitchen, and it done got broke some time ago, and now somebody has swiped it. Boss de cook says dat if you will just 'scuse him dis time, dat de next time you comes he will suah give you some ob de bestest 'limitated eggs what you ever tasted, but dat he suah can't do it now, coz he has done lost dat 'limitator." Some of the girls of today, seem to have lost "de 'limitator" and hence they can not eliminate all the undesirable things.

The old-time country church building was not only peculiar in that it had its division of the sexes, but also in the arrangement of the pulpit. It was usually on a rather small platform, and covered most of it. It was large enough so that the preacher could get behind it, sit down and be hidden from the congregation. The idea was that the preacher should have a retiring place where he might "try the spirits" before preaching. Some of the folks intimated that some of the preachers used to try the liquid "spirits" a bit just before the sermon, in order to acquire the necessary zeal and courage, but I presume that they were wrong about it. The amusing thing, to me, about the old style pulpit was that it was always built for the accomodation of tall preachers, and when one like myself, of Zacheus-like stature, came to occupy it, it looked as though he was playing hide and seek or "peep eye" with the congregation.

The placing of the stove in the country church building was another amusing thing, and remains so until this day. The brethren invaribly place the stove near the pulpit with the result that the preacher sure has an opportunity to get "het up" most of the time. With such an arrangement the congregation may be comfortable, but when the brethren just before the services make a fire that will last all through the sermon without being replenished, they certainly have provided that the preacher shall "earn his bread in the sweat of the face." Stoves should not be placed near the pulpit. The preacher has sufficient exercise to keep his body warm, without being in close proximity to a large have been to make sure that the preacher would be in the notion of warming up the congregation; and while it is true that some congregations are cold, physically, yet it is a case in which "many are cold but few are frozen" and the way a preacher desires to warm up the congregation is from a spiritual standpoint and sometimes he is made to feel like the old negro preacher who prayed the Lord on behalf of one of his members and said:"Oh! Lord, warm dat nigger all over. Aniut him wid de kerisene of salvation and sot him afire."

But the country preacher in the days gone by, was only with the congregation on Sunday, and during the week he did

Destruction of the San Saba Mission

Personal letters written in Spanish, dating back 175 years, and containing interesting historical information in regard to the establishment of the San Saba Mission in Texas were recently brought to light in Mexico City by Dr. Lota Mae Spell, assistant librerian of the Garcia collection of books and manuscripts of the University of Texas.

She obtained copies of the letters and is now translating them into English. They give an account of the early hardships encountered by the priests when the San Saba Mission on the San Saba River near the present town of Menard, was founded. They also tell in a personal way the reactions of the founder, Father de Terreros, and give an insight on the early Spanish life among the Indians.

It is expected that when the work is completely translated much valuable information will be added to the history of this early Texas mission.

The letters were discovered by Mrs. Spell last summer while she was in Mexico City. She met the Marquis of San Francisco, a direct descendant of Pedro de Terreros, the financier of the enterprise, and he graciously consented to allow her access to the archives of the family.

While hunting through this great mass of manuscripts, Mrs. Spell found these letters and obtained copies of them for the University. She also obtained a picture of an old oil painting now in the possession of the marquis, which portrays the massacre of the San Saba Mission.

According to the material unearthed from these letters, the money for the founding of the mission was furnished by Don Pedro Romeo de Terreros, Count of Regla, and the founder was Father Fray Giraldo de Terreros, a cousin of the financier. The letters were written by Father de Terreros to the Count of Regia.

The San Saba Mission was founded in 1756 when Father de Terreros was granted a charter by Don Barrios, then viceroy of Texas and Coahuila districts. The purpose was to Christianize the Indians and the money for the first three years expenses was to be furnished by the Count of Regla. A garrison of soldiers was sent to protect the expedition, but on account of a misunderstanding between the priests and the soldiers the fort was built across the San Saba river three miles from the mission.

Work was finished on the mission by the later part of the year. Ground was cleared for crops, a chapel and vestry was built, and the priests' quarters and stables were completed. From the first the priests had difficulty with the Apaches and they did not desire to embrace the Christian religion. In his letters to his cousin, Father de Terreros laments this fact and speaks of the treachery and general shiftlessness of the Indians.

When spring came there were few converts. Rumors were heard of the Comanches, the northern neighbors of the Apaches being on the warpath and the Apache neophytes prophesied that their enemies would soon be in the San Saba county.

Little attention was given to these rumors by the priests, although the soldiers became alarmed and tried to force the priests to seek the protection of their garrison. This the priests refused to do and in one of his letters, Father de Terreros speaks of the idle fears of the captain.

But the padre's ignorance of Indian treachery cost him his life. In about two weeks the little mission was awakened by the cry of "Indians", and rushing to the windows, the priests were able to perceive the whole plain covered with strange Indians, gaily bedecked in war paint and ready for battle.

Father de Terreros attempted to appease their chief with gifts of tobacco and beads, but according to the old accounts, he was shot down in cold blood. A general massacre of the whole mission then followed and only one survivor lived to carry the news of the massacre to the garrison across the river.

The Indians pillaged and burned the buildings, drove off the stock and mutilated the dead bodies of the priests.

In his letters to his cousin, the martyr, Father de Terros, seemed to forecast the tragic end of the mission as he stated in his last letter that the Indians were not desirous of Christianity but were savage heathen.

not spend his time in "pastoral" duties but, as the old saying goes "he had other fish to fry". The contribution of the country church thirty years ago, usually, was not sufficient to furnish a living for the preacher, and he had to have "other fish." A story in regard to this old saying, recites that a certain woman who was in the habit of borrowing something from her neighbor each day, would send her little girl to borrow, sugar, salt, soda, pepper, meat and in fact any thing she happened to need. It had become a nusisance to the neighbors, and so one woman told the little girl: "Tell your mother I have no time to get what she wants, that I have other fish to fry." The little girl reurned home and in a short time she came back and said:"Ma says that she would like to borrow some of them fish.' Some folks borrowed from necessity, occasionally, but in the country and smaller towns, in the years gone by, there were folks who borrowed because they had the habit, they didn't even try to think about supplying their needs, in advance. They were as forgetful, or absent minded as the school teacher, who while on the new way to school one morning remembered that he had forgotten his watch and pulled it out of his pocket and looked to see what time it was so he might know whether he had time to go back and get it or not.

The old-time country church building was not equipped with screens, either on the windows or doors, and the flies, bugs and grasshoppers had free excess to the services. Many times the preacher had to play "ring around rosie" and "frog in the middle" with the bugs, as he was always directly under the principal light, while the congregation sat in immunity and watched him perform. It is a real nice experience to have your mouth wide open and have a healthy, active bug sail down your throat. Of course when the preacher swallows a bug, it is hard on the bug, but I assure you that it is not pleasant for the preacher. It is related that one preacher who was teaching his brethren to always say "Thank the Lord" no matter what happened, was preaching in high gear, and had his mouth wide open, when a bug sailed into the yawning cavity. The preacher tried to spit out his bugship bu he was too far down, and he had to swallow him, which he did with some effort, and as soon as the bug was down, the preacher clapped his hands and said:"Thank the Lord. Glory to God, I've swallowed a bug."

Still Hearty at Ninety.

Born in Texas when the flag of Mexico waved in the breeze of the wind-swept broad prairies; made an orphan at 10; used the historic Alamo as sleeping quarters until he heard that monks were buried there; fought Indians in early days; fought Yankees during the Civil War; still hale and hearty; now celebrating his ninetieth birthday in San Antonio! His birthday is Tuesday, October 30.

Mr. Townsend was born in what is now Crockett, Houston county, Texas. He recalls how he first came to San Antonio at the age of 10, and began riding race horses here. Shortly after the Mexican War, he enlisted with the United States government, which then had headquarters at Corpus Christi, and was placed on duty with a herd of cattle which was driven back to the army and slaughtered when needed He returned to San Antonio in 1855, he said, when the government moved its headquarters here from Corpus Christi.

One of the most thrilling episodes in his life, possibly, was a fight between him and three companions and a party of Indians in the early 60's near what is now known as Van Horn. The four white men were in charge of a stage depot, where they had two small buildings connected by a porte cochere and nearly surrounded by a corral.

The night before one of the stages were to arrive the four were awakened by a noise. Upon investigation one of the party nearly lost his life when he ventured out and was met by a flurry of arrows. A fight then started in which the dusky warriors used every weapon at their command to take the little fort. A hay stack was set on fire, and various attempts were made to storm and to burn the buildings. Finally at daybreak, they broke out and ran for the hills, when their amunition and supplies had run low and they knew they could hold it only a short while longer. The Indians plundered the house when they found its defenders had escaped.—San Antonio Evening News, Oct. 30 1924.

J. H. Greenwood, Early Texas Pioneer

Prepared for Publication by Mrs. A. D. Gentry, Ft. Stockton, Texas.

My father. Garrison Greenwood,, and my mother. Elisabeth Jordan Greenwood. came to Texas with their family and 39 other families from Georgia in the year 1832, destined to brave the terrors and dangers of frontier life and hew out a home in the wilderness. Our journey over the wild, unsettled regions through which we passed was fraught with many hardships and dangers, most of the dangers unseen and therefore doubly terrifying. We know that hostile bands of savages infested almost every forest but we were well organized, had plenty of amunition and guns, and we took no chances on being surprised, as we kept spies out both to the front and rear. Traveling at that time was indeed an arduous undertaking as there were no railroads, no wagon roads, and no bridges, so we were compelled to cut our way through the forests, build our bridges or boats as the case might be, and manage as best we could. In spite of what would seem to the present generation insurmountable obstacles we arrived at last in the "land of promise", and verily it seemed so to us for we were footsore and weary and though we knew that our enemy the Redmen, were probably watching our every move we set about locating our land and building our rude though fairly comfortable log houses. The cracks were filled in with plaster, huge fireplaces built into which you could roll a sizeable log, and really they were much warmer in winter and cooler in summer than many of the paper like houses constructed of pine lumber today. Our furniture was made by hand and was necessarily crude, but was substantial and made on our finances. Our land was granted to us from the Mexican Government and as my father had induced many families to settle in Texas he was awarded huge grants comprising many leagues located in and around Nacogdoches, San Augustine, and what is now Houston and Palestine.

Sometime prior to the "Runaway Scrape", an event famous in history, my father had been appointed by the Texas Convention assembled at Washington on the Brazos river as commander-in-chief of all the frontier forts and he was in command of the Texans who were ordered over into Louisiana and claim the protection of the U. S. A.. We had taken refuge in some small log cabins near SanAugustine and the other refugees had scattered to various localities, some crossing the river in order to make their safety certain. We had been there but a few days when we heard the deafening roar of cannons in San Augustine, a terrific cannonade being kept up for about two hours. We were about 6 miles distant and were puzzled to know what it could mean when we saw some men coming down the road with their teams in full run, shouting at the top of their voices, "Hurrah for Texas, Houston has taken Santa Anna and his whole army prisoner". It seemed too good to be true, and yet it was. Many shed tears of joy, women embraced each other, prayers of thanksgiving were offered up and those who had been forced to flee from their homes were now inspired with the hope that they might return in safety with a govrnment of their own which would deal justly with all.

The Indians were very troublesome at this time, but on account of the southern and eastern portions of Texas being rapidly populated with white settlers they were being pushed back to the norhwest My father became weary of such annoyance from the savages for they had allowed us no peace, they had stolen our horses again and again, and we were in constant danger and were continually suffering loss at their hands and my parents were getting too old to be harassed in this way so we determined to leave the extreme frontier and go farther east where we could enjoy some measure of security of life and property. At that time our salable property was at Fort Houston, the old frontier fort. We sold what we could and loading our wagons departed for what was then the Redland near San Augustine. From Sam Davis we purchased a farm, paying him $1,000 for it and a few cows and hogs. It was a fine place on the head waters of the Platoon Creek or Bayou. We located and surveyed one league of land there and went to stock raising and farming. In addition to this land we had six thousand acres in the northeast corner of Nacogdoches county. After living in Shelby county three yeas we decided to sell our place there and move to the land in Nacogdoches county, as it was a better stock country, having large cane breaks which afforded abundant pasturage in winter and the grass being fine on the nighlands in summer made it an ideal stock country; then, too, it was heavily timbered with oak hickory and pine and was well watered In this country hogs flourished and there was wild game of every description in abundance.

I went ahead to the new place taking with me 100 head of stock hogs and proceeded to build my pens, making things ready for the family who had remained behind to dispose of the place and attend to moving. I was all alone except for the protection of a faithful dog which we had named Boleo for the Cherokee chief of that name. The family was forty miles below and just one little Mexican settlement between us. The Norris settlement was eight miles east of me. The Anadarko and Caddo villages were about eight miles west of me. Both tribes were friendly when we arrived, so the time passed and month after month slipped by and still I had no word from my folks, for I saw no one except an occasional Indian hunting in the woods All this time I was employing myself looking after my hogs, killing a bear or panther occasionally, for they entertained no religous scruples whatever about eating pork, not seeming to take much stock in the Jewish religion. Three months had passed in this way when one morning my married sister and her husband drove up to my camp. They had with them a hired man, a negro woman, two horses, a wagon and a yoke of oxen. They had come prepared to build a house and put in a farm. We now went to work with a vim and in a few days had erected a cabin of pine logs and furnished it comfortably with rustic furniture. It might interest the luxury loving ladies of today to know that our most comfortable beds at that time were constructed of logs, with rope or rawhide lacings for springs, and it wasn't such a bad sleeping place at that.

We lost no time in fencing and planting a garden and were rapidly getting things ship-shape, when one day we heard cannons firing in Nacogdoches and we knew from the number of shots that were fired that it betokened evil, but had no way to determine the nature of the trouble. We were very uneasy but were up early next morning preparing to resume our labors when my brother-in-law hearing the ox bell just over the ridge. told the negro woman to go and drive up the oxen After waiting some time for her to show up we became uneasy and picking up my gun I went over the ridge and saw the oxen but could not see the negro; but I espied two Indians riding along on their ponies as though watching for something. They were going toward a deep ravine near by and knowing there was but one place where they could cross that ravine I slipped over to that crossing and hid myself in the thick brush, and waited. They came riding slowly along, muttering curses on the palefaces who were taking their land and their game from them and as they jabbered I learned that they were searching for someone who had eluded them and that their plans were to wait till darkness and then raid the new house and kill and scalp the inmates, That meant us They were then on their way to join their companions and would make the raid that night. I understood enough of their jabber to get this much If I had only had my pistols with me they would both have settled their accounts on the spot, but having only one gun with one load I dared not show myself As soon as they were out of sight I hastened back to the house and saddling my horse I started for the Mexican settlement eight miles below, thinking that I would get eight or ten men to come back with me, but upon reaching the settlement I found them all barricaded against an expected attack from the Indians. They had heard that several families above Nacogdoches had been massacred and were afraid to leave their families but insisted that I bring my folks to their settlement and take refuge with them It was too late when I reached home to do this and so we decided to beat them with strategy While I was away my brother-in-law had been out and found the negro. She was hidden in a deep ravine, a few of her tracks in the sand leading him to her place of concealment She said when she first saw the Indians coming for her she slid down into a deep ravine that they could not cross and going up the ravine a short distance she found another arvine intersecting this one which she followed till her breath gave out and she fell exhausted. She said she thought she had better pray, and she was still praying when he found her.

Night was now approaching and as we knew that the Redskins meant to get a souvenir of our hair that night we were forced to make some hasty plans for defense. Hiding our horses in a thicket some distance from the house we proceeded to eat our supper as usual in the house and as soon as it was dark enough we slipped out to a brush thicket near by and concealing ourselves, got our ghns and pistols ready for action in case of discovery. We had not acted any too soon for we had not been in our hiding place long till we heard Indians moving around in the house. There was nothing in the house they wanted except some blankets and articles of clothing which they helped themselves to and leaving the house they divided, some passing on one side of us and some passing on the other. Some of them passed within fifty feet of us. I do not deny that our hearts beat a loud tattoo. We stayed where we were till daylight, when we returned to the house, prepared and ate a hasty breakfast, and had just hitched our teams preparatory to driving off when my dear old father rode up weary and worn with his journey, for he had ridden all night. Having heard of the danger we were in he lost no time in warning us and had come to take us home with him. That was only one of many times when my kind old father risked his life to insure the safety of others.

I disliked very much to abandon my fine stock of hogs to the mercy of panthers and other wild beasts, but had no choice. We reached home without further trouble and upon arriving learn that the Kickapoos, Caddoes, Cherokees, and some other small remnants of tribes had formed an alliance with the avowed purpose of exterminating the whites. They were concentrated about thirty or forty miles above Nacogdoches, at the Kickapoo village, and from there they were sending out their scouting parties to harass and murder all they could find. General Rusk and General Douglas raised an army of between three and four hundred men to drive them from the country. This was in 1838. As the Indians discovered the advance of the white settlers they left their villages and sought shelter in the hills and deep ravines. They would fight us from one ravine and then retreat to another. In this way they kept up a scattering fight with us for about three days and nights. They killed eight of our men and wounded several. We found sixteen dead Indians, though the number that were killed by us could not be ascertained as, according to their custom, they carried their dead off with them when they fled. The Redskins made an attack on us in camp one night thinking to take us by surprise, but I am glad that we were wide awake and ready for them. They fought like fury for awhile but were soon repulsed and driven to their hiding places. In this engagement a man by the name of John Murcheson was struck just over the right eye by a rifle ball, but did not enter the brain and was extracted several days later and he recovered and made a valuable citizen. Another man by the name of Martin was shot in the mouth, several of his teeth being knocked out and the bullet came out at the back of his neck, a terrible wound, yet he, too, recovered. We lost three in this fight with seven wounded. The number engaged was about equal on both sides. These Indians were brave warriors and experts with the rifle. Not inferior to the Texans in bushwhack warfare.

In order to raise this army it was necessary for the families of the men to concentrate at the largest house in the neighborhood for protection, keeping several men with them for guards. In the Murcheson and Edaon settlement there were five families at the home of old man Eadon, viz: Eadon's two son-in-laws, Madden and Patten, old Murcheson, and his son-in-law, Sadler, Sadler's family, James Madden and one other man whose name I have forgotten. The men had been left there to guard these families. One evening just at dark the women, Mrs. Murcheson and Mrs. Sadler, were cooking supper on the fire-place with the door to the room they were in open, being wholly unsuspicious of the proximity of the Indians. A sudden volley of shots was fired into the room killing both women, who bent over the fire, their bodies falling into the blaze were consumed by the fire.

The house was built like all pioneer houses of logs with two rooms and a ten-foot passage between. The men who had been left there as guards were across the passage in the other room with their guns. The Indians now rushed into the room where the women were congregated and with tomahawks cut down Mrs. Madden, Mrs. Eadon, and Mrs. Patten and left them for dead. Mrs. Madden had two small children and an infant on the bed. They proceeded to butcher the children but spared the infant. They then passed into the hallway. An angel of mercy now enters the room in the person of an old negro mammy who had lived with the Eadon family from childhood and being offered her freedom refused to accept it. She happened to be out of the house at the time of the attack but returned in time to slip into the room just as the Indians were leaving it and snatching up the babe of Mrs. Madden had turned to flee when she discovered that Mrs. Madden was yet alive, Taking the babe to the thicket she concealed it and returned for Mrs. Madden and now discovered the other women the Indians had left for dead were showing signs of life. With great labour and difficulty the noble hearted heroine managed to drag the women from the house to a place of concealment in a nearby thicket. While this was transpiring the Indians were robbing and plundering the other room. They then set fire to the house and left with their booty and scalps believing that they had done a complete job. The three poor women whom they had scalped and left for dead lay in the thicket all night weltering in their blood and when conscious agonizing over the fate of the men folks whom they supposed to have been killed and their bodies burning in the house. Naturally they believed them to have died a noble death in defense of their families. These thoughts added to the pain of their wounds made the night one long torture to them. It seems impossible that they could have survived so much physical pain and mental distress, but they were alive when morning came and were then called upon to bear the greatest blow of all, for the fact was revealed to them that their husbands had not fellen in defense of them as they had supposed, but had fled out of the rear door at the first shot and remained in concealment and safety while their families were being horribly butchered. The craven cowards that they were! It gives me much pain to record the facts of this incident and let me say right here that their conduct was inconsistent with the character of Texas pioneers. There were only fifteen Indians and the five white men well armed with the protection of the house and an ordinary amount of manhood and courage could easily have routed them.

This number of Frontier Times was printed on our new press, which we recently installed in our own building. The addition of this larger and faster press to our equipment removes a great handicap to our efforts to keep pace with the growing circulation of Frontier Times, and places us in position to print pamplets and books, a line of work we have been compelled to turn away heretofore.

Four Survivors of Mexican War in Texas.

Four of 24 Mexican War veterans live in Texas, Government pension records disclose.

The others are living in Missouri, California, Kentucky, Oklahoma, and Virginia.

All of the veterans whose names appear on the Government pension rolls are over, 91 years of age. The oldest is James M. Holmes of Owensboro, Ky., who is 100. Holmes served as private with McCullough's Company of Texas Rangers Later he was a lieutenant colonel in the Federal Cavalry in the Civil War.

Texans on the pension roll as survivors of the Mexican War are:

Amasa Clark, 99, Bandera, private Company 1, Third United States Infantry.

Jacob M. Flemming, 95, Mount Pleasant private Company G, First United States Artillery.

David Irvin, 91, Pilgrim, private Company D. Second Mississippi Infantry.

Thomas A. Kirk, 99, Milano, private Ross' Company, First Texas Mounted Volunteers.—Ft. Worth Star-Telegram, December, 3, 1924,

A Woman's Escape from the Indians

Wilbarger's Depredations in Texas.

Among the early settlers in Western Texas 1867 was a man by the name of Rabb. He was one of those restless adventurous men so frequently met with on the frontier who are never satisfied except when they are in advance of all other settlements. The nearest neighbor to Rabb was fifteen miles below. His family consisted of his wife and three small children and a female friend, whom we shall designate as Mrs. Jones (as we are not authorized to give her name to the public). Mrs. Jones having recently lost her husband was living with the Rabb family. She was a fair specimen of those hardy, selfreliant heroines of the border, who are undaunted by dangers, and who bear unflinchingly the hardships and exposures incidental to life in new and sparsely settled countries. Born and reared in Texs, she inherited a good constitution, to which her active life in the open air, a great portion of which was spent on horseback, gave unusual vigor. From an early age she had been a fearless rider, and her life on the frontier where all traveling was necessairly performed on horseback, had given her better and more practical knowledge of the equestrian art than she could have acquired by training for the same length of time at Astley's

One morning in June, 1867, Rabb started off to a distant market with some cattle, leaying his family at the ranch without ony one to protect them against the Indians He did not apprehend any danger, however, during his absence, as no Indians hed been seen for some time in the vicinity. Eeverything went on as usual for several days, until one morning while the women were occupied with their domestic affairs in the house, one of the children who were playing in the yard called out to its mother and told her that some men on horseback were coming over the prairie. Mrs. Rabb stepped to the door and saw, to her horror, that these men were Indians, coming at full gallop towards the house. She ordered the children to run in at once as she wished to bar the door, knowing that Indians seldom ventured to attack a house when barred against them, fearing that armed men might be within who would give them a warm reception. But the children did not obey their mother, thinking, no doubt, that the Indians were cow hunters, and the door was left open.

As soon as the alarm of Indians was given, Mrs. Jones ran up a ladder leading to a loft, and concealed herself, where through a crack in the door she could see alll that passed beneath.

The Indians rushed up siezed and bound the two children in the yard and then entered the house. They took the babe from the arms of the terrified mother, in spite of her struggles to retain it and threw it on the floor. One of them caught the poor woman by her hair, drew back her head and cut her throat from ear to ear with his butcher knife

Mrs. Jones who was watching their proceedings through a chink in the floor above, when she witnessed this cold blooded murder of her friend, involuntary uttered a cry of horror which betrayed her place of concealment to the Indians. Several immediately sprang up the ladder, dragged her down and out of the house, placed her and the two children on horses, and then hurried off with them, leaving the infant unhurt by the side of its murdered mother.

For several days and nights fearing pursuit, they traveled rapidly, only making an occasional halt to rest and from harsh usage and the want of sleep and food as they moved on day after day and night after night towards the staked plains, crossing the Brazos, Wichita and Arkansas rivers by swimming them, as they were all too full to be forded.

The Indians kept a close watch upon their captives until they had gone a long way beyond the frontier settlements when they somewhat relaxed their vigilance and permitted them to walk about camp, but gave them to understand that death would be the certain result of any attempt to escape. In spite of this threat, Mrs. Jones was determined to sieze the first opportunity to escape from them that might present itself. Having thus resolved she carefully noted the qualities of different horses in order that she might be able to make a good selection when a chance of escaping should occur.

One dark night after a long hard day's ride, while the Indians were sleeping soundly, she cautiously crept away from the lodge occupied by herself and the two children, who were also fast asleep, and going to where the Indians had staked their horses, she selected one of the best, sprang on his back, without saddle or bridle, and with nothing to guide or controll him but the rope around his neck. She started off slowly toward the north star, thinking that course would lead her to the nearest white settlements, but as soon as she was out of hearing of the camp, she put her horse into a trot and then into a gallop, and continued thus to urge him on as fast as he could go during the whole night.

At the break of day the following morning she reached the crest of a considerable eminence overlooking a vast expanse of bald prairie, and there, for the first time after leaving the Indian camp, she halted, turned around with fear and trembling and cast a glance to the rear, fully expecting to see the savage bloodhounds on her trail, but to her great relief not a living thing was visible except a herd of antelopes quietly grazing on the prairie below. Still her uncertainty in the midst of dreary trackless plains as to the course she ought to pursue in order to reach the nearest settlements filled her with gloomy forebodings as to her ultimate fate. Perhaps nowhere does one realize utter helplessness and dependence upon the Almighty Ruler of the universe than when bewildered and lost on the almost boundless plains of the west, and she raised her thoughts to heaven in fervent supplication. She knew that one of the many points embraced within the horison could lead to safety and that the direction to this one point must be kept without road, tree or other land mark to guide her. But the indominitable spirit of the heroine of this narrative did not succumb to the imminent perils that surrounded her. All day long she urged forward her generous steed until she was so worn out with fatigue and want of sleep that it was with great difficulty she could keep her seat on his back. To add to the horrors of her situation a new danger stared her in the face as the shades of night began to darken around, a dange quite as much to be dreaded as recapture by the merciless savages. Hearing the howling of wolves behind she looked back and discovered a large gang were closely following her trail. They seemed to know instinctively that the wearied horse and his rider must soon fall prey to their voracious appetites. The idea of being devoured by wolves was so horrible that it gave her the strength of desperation and through the gloomy hours of that dismal night she continued to urge her faithful steed until she became so exhausted that it was with difficulty she could keep awake. Frequently she found herself in the act of falling from the horse just in time to save herself from being left alone on foot among the ravenous wolves, whose dismal howling could be heard in every direction.

At length her horse, too, began to fail rapidly until at last the poor animal was scarcely able to drag one foot after the other and she momentarily expected he would drop dead beneath her. The failure of the horse seemed to encourage the wolves and they finally rushed upon him, snapping at his heels and endeavoring to drag him and his rider to the ground. This so terrified the horse that he went on for awhile with renewed vigor, and forunately before the wolves could come up with him again daylight began to show in the east and the cowardly beasts skulked away to their dens.

For the first time in thirty-six hours Mrs. Jones now dismounted, and knowing that sleep would soon overcome her as there was no tree or brush to which she could fasten the horse, she tied the end of his rope around her waist, threw herself on the ground and in a moment was fast asleep. How long she had slept she does not know, but the sun was high in the heavens when she was roused by the clattering of horses feet. Looking up she was terror struck to find that she was completely surrounded by a large party of Indians. Worn down as she was by her long ride and her nerves unstrung by anxiety and the hardships she had undergone the shock was too great for her and she fainted. When she regained consciousness the Indians placed her on a horse and started with her to their camp, which was not far off. On their arrival there they left her in charge of the squaws, who prepared some food for her and gave her a buffalo robe for a bed. It was several days before she was able to walk about camp. She soon learned that her last captors belonged to Lone Wolf's band of Kiowas. These Indians treated her much more kindly than the comanches, but as she did not think they would ever voluntarily release her and although she had not the remotest idea of her locality or of the direction or distance to any white settlement she was determined to take advantage of the first opportunity to make her escape from them.

Some time after she was captured by these Indians a party left camp, going off in a northerly direction, and in five or six days they returned bringing back with them some ears of green corn. She knew the prairie tribes did not plant corn, and she felt confdent this party had visited a white settlement in a northerly direction not more than three days travel from where they were encamped.

Late one night after all was quiet in camp and everything seemed auspicious for carrying out the purpose, she cautiously crept from her bed and went to where she knew the Indians had staked their horses. Having caught and saddled one, she was in the act of mounting him, when several dogs rushed out after her and by their barking created such a disturbance in camp that she thought it most prudent to return to her lodge, which she reached without having been seen by anyone.

On a subsequent night however,fortune favored her, and selectng a good horse she rode off in the direction the Indians had taken when they brought back the ears of green corn. Guided by the sun and the stars at night, she was able to keep her course and after three days of hard riding, anxiety, fatigue and hunger, she came to a large river. The stream was swollen to the tops of its banks, the current coursed like a torrent along the channel, and she thought her tired horse would be unable to stem it; but after surmounting the many difficulties she had already encountered, she was not to be turned aside by this formidable obstacle. She let her wearied animal rest and graze for awhile, then mounting him again the dauntless woman dashed into the turbulent stream and with great difficulty the faihful steed bore her in safety to the opposite bank.

Giving her horse a few moments rest, she again set forward, and had gone but a short dstance when to her inexpressible delght she struck a broad wagon road, the first and only trace of cvilization she had seen since she left her home in Texas. Nothing, she said, ever gave her so much pleasure as the sight of this road, for she felt confident that it would lead her to some settlement of her own race; and her anticipations were more speedily realized than she looked for for a little while afterwards she saw a long train of wagons slowly coming

At the sight of this train her feelings overpowered her, and she wept tears of joy while offering up sincere thanks to the Almighty for delivering her from a bondage more dreadfu l than death. She hurried on and soon met the foremost wagon, which was driven by a Mr. Robert Bent who had charge of the train. He was very much astonished to meet a young woman traveling all alone on horseback in that wild country, with no covering on her head save her long hair, which was hanging in disheveled locks upon her shoulders.

When she came up, Bent stopped his wagon and asked her where she lived and to what place she was going. She replied that she lived in Texas, and that she was on her way to the nearest settlement. At this response he shook his head incredulously, and said she must be mistaken, as the nearest point in Texas was some five or six hundred miles distant. She however, reiterated her statement, and described to him briefly the leading incidents of her capture and her escape from the Indians. Still he was inclined to doubt the story she told him, thinking possbly she might be insane. He informed her that the river she had just crossed was the Arkansas, and that she was then on the Santa Fe road, fifteen miles west of Big Turk Creek, where she would find the most remote frontier settlement. He then gave her some provisions, and after thanking him for his kindness, she proceeded on her way.

When Bent reached Fort Zara he called on the Indian agent there and told him about meeting Mrs. Jones on the road. By a curious coincidence it happened that the agent was at that very time holding a council with the chief of the incidental band of Indians from whom Mrs. Jones had just escaped and the chief had given him a full history of the whole affair, which seemed so impossible to the agent that he was not disposed to credit it until his account was confirmed by Mr. Bent. The agent at once dispatched a man to follow the woman and conduct her to Council Grove where she was kindly received, and remained for some time hoping through the agent to gain some intelligence of the two children she had left with the Comanches, but no tidings could be obtained. They were eventually found, however, ransomed and sent home

By reference to the map of the country over which Mrs. Jones traveled, it will be seen that the distance from the place of her capture to where she struck the Arkansas river, could not have been less than five hundred miles, and the greater part of her route was through an immense desert plain unvisited except by occasional bands of Indians.

Her escape from the Indians and her equesterian feats were most remarkable, and the accounts herein given of them seems almost incredible, and yet there are those still living in Texas to whom the facts are well known, and who can authenticate the truth of the foregoing narrative.

When Indians Failed to Take Money

By Geo. F. Atkinson, Dalhart, Texas.

In the spring of 1856 my father, Newt Atkinson, moved to Palo Pinto county, making his first stop on the Kickapoo Creek on the line of Palo Pinto and Erath counties At that time the Indians were peaceable and often visited us. One time ten or twelve Indians came to our camp about noon, during my father's absence. One of my uncles invited them to eat dinner with us, which invitation did not have to be pressed as they were in a receptive mood. These Indians had a negro with them and Uncle had him to eat at a separate table. The Indians thought it very funny and would point at him and laugh as though they had a great joke on the negro. I suppose they had captured the negro when he was a small boy and raised him up, for they looked on him as an equal.

From here my father moved up the Keechi about fifteen miles north of Golconda, afterwards named Palo Pinto, and remained there until the spring of 1858, then moved up to the head of Keechi Creek in Jack county. At that time Jack county was organized, but was organized during that year. The Indians became troublesome in 1859, and the settlers began to "fort up" for protection. There was a move to put the Indians off of a reservation, and Colonel Baylor made up a company for that purpose. My father took his family to a ranch where people were gathering for protection. This was Uncle Billie Parmer's ranch. In time ten or fifteen families gathered and lived there for awhile. Father helped to put the Indians off the reservation. His bunk mate was killed in the fight. While we were "forted up" at the Parmer ranch we had a school taught by Judge Gormley, who was my first teacher. When the Civil War came on the Indians again became hostile and we moved to Black Springs in Palo Pinto county. All the able bodied men were either pressed into the army or put in the frontier service for protection against the Indians. I think it was in 1864 the Indians killed Jack and Henry Rowland in Roland Valley in Jack county, and captured two of the Rowland boys, who were ten or twelve years old. Their grandfather finally got them back some years later. Henry Rowland's widow married C. E. Callies and lived out in this country for about thirty-five years. She died at Texline two or three years ago.

While we were living in that section the Indians killed several families and quite a number of men, among whom was Mark Dalton, who lived in Loving's Valley. He had been north with a herd of cattle and was coming home with a wagonload of goods which he had purchased while away. Mr. Dalton had a pocket book made in the shape of a shoe and had about $9,000 in this pocketbook. The Indians took everything but the odd pocketbook and the money. They probably had no idea of there being anything in a shoe box except shoes.

Mustang Grey was a Warrior Bold

Rangers and Pioneers of Texas.

"There was a gallent Texan,
They called him Mustang Grey.
When quite a youth he left his home,
And went ranging far away."

At an early day, when the greater part of Texas was one vast wilderness, with no human inhabitants except roving bands of Indians, a great many high spirited young men, who were fond of adventure, left the old States, and turned their faces towards Texas, as a place where they could gratify their longing for a wild life on the border. Among those who came at an early date was Mabry Grey, known throughout Western Texas as "Mustang Grey" He was a handsome young man and was scarcely grown when he made his appearance in the west. He was of slight build, with a mild yet fiery blue eye. The way he got his appellation of "Mustang," was from a circumstance which happened while he was hunting buffalo on the plains. In a chase after a large herd of buffalo, he became separated from his companions. His horse fell with him, and Grey was thrown to the ground. He quickly regained his feet, but his horse being frightened at the huge buffalo that were charging around him sprang to his feet, and, before Grey could secure him, dashed off across the prairie, and was seen by him no more. Grey remained for some time on the spot, watching the buffalo as they faded from sight in the distance, and anxiously scanning the prairie for a sight of his companions; but the herd had become separated in the chase, and the balance of the hunters had followed the other portion, it being the largest. Grey finally went back the way he came in the pursuit, hoping that before night he would be able to rejoin his companions; but night came, and he was still on the boundless prairie with no one in sight. Tired and exhausted he threw himself on the ground and tried to sleep, but anxiety and thirst kept him awake most of the night. By dawn he was again on his way, and shortly came upon a wounded buffalo, which had taken refuge in a small thicket. As he still carried his gun and amunition, he soon dispatched it, cut out as much of it as he wanted, and went in search of water. Seeing a small clump of trees not far off, he went to it, and found a pond of water, and, after quenching his thirst, raised a fire, and cooked and ate a porton of the buffalo meat. While here, he discovered that this pond was a watering place for Mustangs. His first thought was of trying to secure one of them, but then he had no rope, and abandoned the idea. When the Mustangs came to water he secreted himself and watched. There was some beautiful ones among them, and he longed to be on one of their backs, even if it was wild. He had but little hope of crossing the dreary plains on foot. He had deviated from his course so much in search for water that he had become completely, as the saying is, turned around. The prairie is somewhat like the sea, nearly all places look alike along its even surface, except occasionally, a small clump of trees, or a pond of water, at long intervals, breaks its sameness. Grey knew that hunters often perished for water on these vast plains, even when mounted, and what chance had he on foot, and not a very good hand to walk at that? Finally, he thought of a plan that he immediately set about carrying out, and that was to go and skin the buffalo which he had killed, plait him a lariat out of the hide, and try to secure one of the mustangs when they came to water. After he had made him a good strong and stout lariat he mounted a tree under which the wild horses had to pass when they came to drink, and patiently awaited their coming. He adjusted a noose in one end of the rope and took the precaution to fasten the other end to a strong limb, for fear the mustang would jerk him out of the tree when caught. When the mustangs came Grey had no trouble in dropping the noose over one's head. Then the fun commenced; the frightened animal reared, kicked, and plunged, but all to no purpose; he had him fast. The others hastily stampeded, and were soon hid behind a cloud of dust on the prairie. After the mustang became somewhat accustomed to the sight of him, and the pressure of the lariat around his neck, he became more docile, and Grey finally mounted him with the rope still tied to the limb, but the mustang set off at full speed, and when the rope tightened, it jerked him back so suddenly that Grey was thrown. After this he worked with him until he could go up to his head and fasten a loop around his nose, so that he could hold him when he attempted to run. He then fastened his gun to his back, turned the horse in the direction he wanted to go, and mounted. The mustang set off across the prairie with his head down, and Grey could not hold him. As there was nothing for him to run against, or a bluff to run from Grey remained on him until he was completely run down and subdued. For several days Grey traveled the prairie. He often suffered for water and food, but was lucky enough, one day, to ride into the camp of his companions, who were greatly rejoiced to see him, for they had, after a long search given him up as last.

Not long after this Grey became cammander of a company of rangers, with no pay except the spoils taken from the enemy. They scoured the country between San Antonio and the Rio Grande, and fought many desperate battles with the Indians. Sometimes they would cross over into Mexico, where horses were cheap, buy up a lot, and trade them off to a good advantage in Texas. In one of these trading expeditions Grey became the owner of a splendid iron grey horse, to which he became greatly attached, and would not sell him under any circumstances, although offered large sums for him. On one occasion, as Grey and his men were returning from Mexico on their way to San Antonio, they fought a bloody battle with the Comanches near the Nueces river. Grey had between thirty and forty men with him at the time. The main body were considerably in advance of Grey and two or three others, who were riding leisurely along some distance in the rear, when suddenly they heard sharp firing in front. Grey immediately put spurs to his horse and exclaimed, "Come on, boys; there is trouble ahead." He soon arrived upon the scene, and found his men dismounted and having a terrible fight with a large band of Comanches. Some of them were about giving away under the furious charge of the Indians, who out numbered them five to one, but seeing their commander dash up, raised a yell and fought with redoubled fury. The fight was long and obstinate nearly one-third of the rangers were killed and wounded. Some of them were Grey's best men, who had been with him from the first. The Comanches lost many of their bravest warriors, and finally fled before the unerring rifles of their foes. In the last charge the Indians made, and while fighting at close quarters, Grey's horse was killed from under him, and he received an arrow in his righ arm, and, at the same time, Robinson, one of his best men, was killed by his side. After the fight was over Grey was found by the side of his dead horse. In his grief at the loss of his gallant steed, he seemed perfectly oblivious to his own wound, until reminded, by one of his men, that he had better have it attended to, as the arrow was still sticking through his arm near the shoulder. "All right boys;" says he "some of you extract the arrow, and take poor Robinson's sash there, and bind up the wound. Poor fellow;" says he, looking at Robinson, who lay near, "he would willingly give it to me if he was alive." Grey was furious against the Comanches and vowed vengeance on them at no remote period; and, as he had lost so many men and horses in the fight, concluded to go into camp near the battleground, where the wounded could be taken care of; and sent some men to San Antonio to get horses and recruits, and then, as soon as possible, follow the Comanches to their homes and fight them again. As soon as Grey's wound was dressed a small party set off to carry out orders of their chief. As they were about starting and Grey was telling them what kind of horses to get, he said:"Be very particular now, in getting me a horse. I want a strong heavy made one, as much like Grey Eagle, here, as you can get it. I want one that has nostrils that you can ram your fist in." Grey gave the men that were killed a decent burial. All the rangers stood around the graves with uncovered heads, and fired a salute over each.

After the return of the party with horses and men, and after the wounded had sufficently recovered, Grey set out in search of the Comanches. He had a splendid horse but said he was not equal to the other. The Indian village was found to be located near the head of the Nueces river. It was a complete surprise, but the Indians fought well, and several more of Grey's faithful followers bit the dust; but they were finally driven out, and the village burned Gray was satisfied now, and returned to the settlements to recruit up and rest. When not on the frontier he spent most of his time in San Antonio. but sometimes going down to Seguin and remaining for some time. Many old settlers can recollect seeing him there on several occasions. To show what power some men have over the minds of others, I will relate an incident which occurred in San Antonio. There used to be a gambling house there, called the "Bull's Head". One night a terrible racket was heard at this place, and Gray who was on the plaza, asked someone what that row was he heard. "They are having a big fight at the Bull's Head," remarked a man who had just come from there in somewhat of a hurry. Gray set out down there at once, saying, "he would go and stop it;" and, strange to say, that in a few moments after this man entered the furious and excited crowd, everything was calmed down.

Mustang Gray died in Mexico. A few of his faithful followers remained with him to the last. These were his last commands to them: "Boys, when I am dead, bury me in Texas soil, on the banks of the Rio Grande." When all was over, these sorrowing comrades set out with his remains to carry out his last wishes, to bury him in the soil he loved so well. His grave may still be seen by the traveler, in a wild secluded spot, with lofty mountains around, and the turbid waters of the Rio Grande rolling ceaselessly by it

"And no more he'll go a ranging,
  The savage to afright,
He has heard his last war-whoop,
  And fought his last fight."

The Adventures of Jack Dobell

From "Early Times in Texas," By J. C. Duval.

THIRD INSTALLMENT.

Some time after our arrival at Goliad information was obtained from some some friendly Mexicans that General Santa Anna was preparing to enter Texas at the head of a large army; consequently all idea of invading Mexico, was abandoned and we set to work to render the fortifications around the old missions as defensible as possible. We strenghtened the walls in many places, built several new bastions on which artillery was placed in such a way as to command all the roads leading into the town.

Every day we were drilled by our officers for three hours in the morning and two in the afternoon, which, as I have said before was a great bore to me, as I would have preferred passing the time in hunting and fishing. We also deepened the trenches around the walls, and dug a ditch from the fort to the river, and covered it with plank and earth, so that we might obtain a supply of water, if beseiged, without being exposed to the fire of the enemy. We were well supplied with artillery and ammunition for the same, and also with small arms, and had beef, sugar and coffee enough to last us for two months —but very little bread.

Some time in February, a Mexican from the Rio Grande arrived at Goliad who informed Col. Fannin that Santa Anna had already or would shortly cross the river into Texs with a large army which would advance in two divisions, one towards Goliad and the other towards the city of San Antonio. Some days afterwards, two or three Texans came in from San Patricio, bringing the news that Capt. Grant and some twenty-five or thirty men stationed at that place, had been surprised by a force of Mexican guerillas and all of them massacred. About this time also a courier from Refugio came in who stated to Col. Fannin that he had been sent by the people of that place, to ask for a detachment of men to escort them to Goliad, as they were daily expecting an attack from the guerillas.

In compliance with this request, Col. Fannin sent Capt. King and his company (about thirty-five men) to act as escort for those families who desired to leave. When Capt. King and his men reached Refugio, they were attacked on the outskirts of the town by a large force of Mexican cavalry, and being hard pressed they retreated into the old mission, a strong stone building, at that time encompassed by walls. There they defended themselves successfully, and kept the Mexicans at bay until their artillery came up, when they opened fire with two field pieces which soon breached the walls, and the place was taken by storm. Capt. King and some seven or eight of his men (the only survivors of the bloody conflict), were captured and led out to a post oak grove north of town, where they were tied to the trees and shot. Their bones were found still tied to the trees, when the Texas forces reocupied the place in the summer of '36.

About this time a courier arrived bringing a dispatch from Gen. Houston to Col. Fannin and it was rumored in camp that the purport of this dispatch was "that Col. Fannin should evacuate Goliad and fall back without delay towards the settlement on the Colorado." But as to the truth of this I can not speak positively. At any rate Colonel Fannin showed no disposition to obey the order if he received it—on the contrary, hearing nothing from Capt. King although he had sent out three scouts at different times to obtain information of his movements, all of whom were were captured and killed, he dispatched Major Ward with the Georgia Battalion (about one hundred and fifty strong) to his assistance. They were attacked before they reached Refugio by a large force of Mexican cavalry. They made a gallant defence for some time against the vastly superior numbers of the enemy but at length their ammunition was exhausted and they were compelled to retreat to the timber on the river, where they were surrounded by the Mexican cavalry, and most of them finally captured.

This division of our small force in the face of an enemy so greatly our superior in numbers, was, in my opinion, a fatal error on the part of Col. Fannin.

Hearing nothing either from Capt. King or Major Ward, and satisfied from information obtained by our scouts that a large force of Mexicans was in the vicinity of Goliad Col. Fannin and his officers held a council of war in which it was determined to evacuate the place and fall back as rapidly as possible towards Victoria on the Guadalupe river. The same day, I believe, or the next after this council of war was held, a courier brought word from Travis, to the effect "that he was surrounded in the Alamo by Santa Anna's army, and requesting Col. Fannin to come to his relief without delay."

Rations for five days and as much amunition as each man could conveniently carry were immediately issued, and our whole force including a small artillery company with two or three field pieces, started for San Antonio, crossing the river at the ford a half mile or so above town. After crossing the river and marching a short distance on the San Antonio Road, a halt was made and our officers held a consultation, the result of which (I suppose) was the conclusion that we could not reach San Antonio in time to be of any assistance to Col Travis. At any rate we were marched back to Goliad, re-crossing the river at the lower ford.

A few hours after we had got back to our old quarters, a detachment of Mexican cavalry, probably eighty or a hundred strong, showed themselves at a short distance from the fort apparently bantering us to come out and give them a fight. Col. Horton, who had joined us a few days previous with twenty-five mounted men, went out to meet them, but when he charged them they fled precipitately, and we saw them no more that day.

That evening preparations were made to abandon the place; to that end we spiked our heaviest pieces of artillery, buried some in trenches, reserving several pieces, two or three howitzers and a mortar to take with us on our retreat. we also dismantled the fort as much as possible, burnt the wooden buildings in its immediate vicinity and destroyed all the amunition and provisions for which we had no means of transportation.

The next morning we bade a final farewell, as we supposed, to Goliad, and marched out on the road to Victoria. We had nine pieces of ordnance and one mortar, all drawn by oxen as were our baggage wagons. Our whole force comprised about two hundred and fifty men, besides a small company of artillery and twenty-five mounted men, under Col. Horton.

We crossed the San Antonio river at the ford below town, and a short distance beyond Menahccila creek we entered the large prairie extending to the timber on the Coletto, a distance of eight or ten miles. When we had approached within two and a half or three miles of the point where the road we were traveling entered the timber (though it was somewhat nearer to the left) a halt was ordered and the oxen were unyoked from guns and wagons, and turned out to graze. What induced Col. Fannin to halt at this place in the open prairie, I cannot say for by going two and a half miles farther, we would have reached Coletto creek, where there was an abundance of water where we would have had the protection of timer in the event of being attacked. I understood at the time that several of Col. Fannin's officers urged him strongly to continue the march until we reached the creek, as it was certain that a large body of Mexican troops were somewhere in the vicinity; but however this may be, Col. Fannin was not to be turned from his purpose, and the halt was made. Possibly he may have thought that two hundred and fifty well armed Americans under any circumstances would be able to defend themselves against any force the Mexicans had within striking distance, but as the sequel will show the halt at this place was a most fatal one for us. Up to this time we had seen no Mexicans, with the exception of two mounted men, who made their appearance from some timber a long way to our right and who were no doubt spies watching our movements.

At length after a halt of perhaps an hour and a half on the prairie, and just as we were about to resume our march for the Coletto, a long dark line was seen to detach itself from the timber behind us, and another at the same time from the timber to our left. Some one near me exclaimed, "Here come the Mexicans!" and in fact, in a little while we perceived that these dark lines were men on horseback, moving rapidly toward us. As they continued to approach, they lengthened out their columns, evidently for the purpose of surrounding us, and in doing so displayed their numbers to the greatest advantage. I thought there were at least ten thousand (having never before seen a large cavalry force), but in reality there were about a thousand besides several hundred infantry

In the meantime we were formed into a "hollow square" with lines three deep, in order to repel the charge of the cavalry, which we expected would soon be made upon us. Our artillery was placed at the four angles of the square, and our wagons and oxen inside. Our vanguard under Col. Horton, had gone a mile or so ahead of us, and the first intimation they had of the approach of the enemy was hearing the fire of our artillery when the fight began. They galloped back as rapidly as possible to regain our lines, but the Mexicans had occupied the road before they came up and they were compelled to retreat. The Mexicans pursued them beyond the Coletto, but as they were well mounted they made their escape.

The loss of these mounted men was a most unfortunate one for us. Had they been with us that night after we had driven off the Mexicans, we would have had means of transportation for our wounded, and could have easily made our retreat to the Coletto.

When the Mexicans had approached to within half a mile of our lines they formed into three columns, one remaining stationary, the other two moving to our right and left, but still keeping at about the same distance from us. Whilst they were carrying out this maneuver, our artillery opened up on them with some effect, for now and then we could see a round shot plough through their dense ranks. When the two moving columns, the one on the right and the one on the left were opposite to each other, they suddenly changed front and the three columns with trumpets braying and pennons flying, charged upon us simultaneously from three directions (Continued Next Month)

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